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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE"

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For the Register.

DAVID HUME.

The recent comprehensive life of Hume, by J. H. Burton, Esq., Advocate, leaves a more favorable impression of the philosopher than is entertained by the religious world. He was naturally amiable, humane, kindly, generous, cheerful, easily contented, easily appeased and forgetful of injuries. He possessed all the virtues belonging to health; competence, the possession of fame and all social enjoyments. Natural cheerfulness aided by varied and unbroken prosperity, made him less feel the need of the consolations of religion, as moderate passions, he thought, allowed him to forego its restrainments. He was preeminently the philosopher in temperament, and no one ever carried out the character more consistently through a long life and tedious illness to the last breath. His mistake was in overlooking that the mass of men are not constituted like him. Yet he was not irreligious, so much as sceptical; and sceptical not more about religion than about morals and metaphysics and all human inquiries. He was a universal doubter; or rather his philosophy was. He taught men to hesitate and feel uncertain about every thing and never come to a conclusion, while he often professed that he did not himself differ in belief from other people so much as they thought. He delighted, as a matter of taste and amusement, in sceptical speculations for the exercise of ingenuity and metaphysical acumen. This his friends called his passion for intellectual ropedancing. It was a fatal fault, for which many other minds have paid the penalty in unhappiness, if he escaped.

But let us do him justice. Tho' not only doubtful himself, but still more the cause of doubt in others, he was not the monster fanaticism has represented him. He meant his speculations for studious philosophers. He carefully abstained from obtruding them into mixed society. His intimate associates were clergymen. He was a favorite with ladies, young and old, who never in his presence stood in dread of encountering any sentiment that might shock their feelings. Moreover, parents were not afraid to trust their children to his care and social attentions; and thought it a high privilege to obtain them.—Both constitution and benevolence would have prevented his being a propagandist. "Indeed, he seems ever to have felt that a firm faith in Christianity, unshaken by any doubts, was an invaluable privilege, of which it would be as much more cruel to deprive a fellow creature than to rob him of his purse, as the one possession is more valuable than the other." The story to which Prof. Silliman gave currency in his Travels, of Hume, converting his mother to infidelity, and his being overwhelmed with anguish on her dying hopeless and full of reproaches against him, is disproved in this work by dates and testimony; and the remark "is made that this foolish and improbable story, told, we may suppose after dinner, and invented on the spot, was at variance with Hume's whole character." Probably the foundation of the story was the Hon. Mr. Boyle's saying to Hume on seeing him in deep affliction at his mother's death, "My friend, you owe this uncommon grief to having thrown off the principles of religion; for if you had not, you would have been consoled with the firm belief that the good lady, who was not only the best of mothers, but the most pious of Christians, is completely happy in the realms of the just." To this, Hume replied, "Though I throw out my speculations to entertain the learned and metaphysical world, yet, in other things I do not think so differently from the rest of the world as you imagine."

Lord Charlmont testifies that he never saw Hume so much displeased as by the conceited petulance of Mrs. Mallet. Though unacquainted with Hume, on meeting him one night at an assembly, she boldly accosted him in these words, "Mr. Hume, give me leave to introduce myself to you; we Deists ought to know each other." "Madam," replied he, "I am no Deist; I do not style myself so, neither do I desire to be known by that appellation."

He was not *Parcus deorum cultor et infrequens*, as might have been expected. He was fond of the preaching of Dr. Robertson, and not averse to that of his opponent, the evangelical Erskine. Even in France he attended the ambassador's chapel, and casually mentions in a letter home not having seen some one in church, in a manner to imply that he was there himself. He provided seats for all his domestics, and if they absented themselves, would inquire of them seriously the reason.

Hume was of a different spirit from such unbelievers as Voltaire. Their inquiries were often on the same subjects in natural theology, and the arguments may be similar, but the tone of the English sceptic is grave and respectful, while the French mocker gibes and jests with ribald jests at all that is venerable and sacred.

Hume was certainly no Atheist. Even amid the philosophical and brilliant circles of Parisian anti-religionists, with whom so much of his life was passed, he never gave in to the fashionable renunciation of a Deity, but boldly professed what he believed. Much as his genial temper and ready wit disposed him to enjoy the social ease and polished learning of those circles, he disliked their scornful infidelity and intolerance of all earnestness in belief. "I will tell you an anecdote of Hume," said Diderot to Sir Samuel Romilly, "but it may scandalize you somewhat, for you English believe a little in God: we don't at all. He was dining with a party at Baron d'Holbach's. Sitting next to the Baron, they conversed on natural religion. 'As for atheists,' said Hume, 'I don't believe they exist; I never saw one.' 'You have been a little unfortunate,' replied the other, 'you are sitting at table with seventeen for the first time.'" The tone of his feelings sometimes rose almost to enthusiasm on this subject; and they seldom did on any. His friend Adam Ferguson relates, that walking home together one clear and beautiful night, Hume suddenly stopped, looked up to the starry sky and exclaimed in a manner worthy of Hervey's Meditations, "Oh, Adam, can any one contemplate the wonders of that firmament, and not believe that there is a God?" One ground of his memorable friendship with Rousseau was sympathy on this point. He complains in a letter to Dr. Blair, of the French atheists being intolerant to the enthusiastic theist. "They are displeased with him because they think he overabounds in religion; and it is indeed remarkable that the philosopher of this age who has been most persecuted, is by far the most devout. I do not include such philosophers as are invested with the sacerdotal character. I am, dear doctor, yours *usque ad aras*."

Hume's reasoning about miracles, which has produced so much indignation and clamor, after all agrees very well with much of the declamation of ultra-Evangelicals. The disclaimers of reason as a blind, useless and perhaps pernicious guide in religion should not complain of Hume's severing reason from religion. It should seem the act of a friend to rescue Christianity from a treacherous companion—"non talibus defensoribus eget." They believe that religion is too sacred to be allied with a poor miserable stumbler like man's erring reason. "Our most holy religion," says he, and say they, "is founded on faith, not on reason; and it is a sure method of exposing it to put it to such a trial as it is by no means fitted to endure." Hume is no advocate for us who deny that reason and revelation are two disconnected things; that each must act alone, and that the one derives no aid from the other. He is the patron of the Orthodox. And whatever he or they may say, we can believe from reasoning both that a miracle is possible, and that faith in it is possible in the natural exercise of our minds; and if Campbell's refutation of his sophistry is not sufficient for us, Geology is. Geology shows to our eyes that such "impossible" deviations from the established order of nature have taken place.

Hume grieved in his old age at the publication of his Essays, and softened the offensive terms in which he had spoken of religionists in the early editions of his History. He says in his description of his own character, that "plain as his manners were, and apparently careless of attention, vanity was his predominant weakness. That vanity led him to publish his Essays—which he grieved over; not that he had changed his opinions, but that he thought he had injured society by disseminating them."

Yes, vanity was his foible, and we cannot blame it harshly when we consider that no one ever was more flattered. Abroad even more than at home he was an idol. In the glittering saloons of Paris nobles and beauties worshipped him. At court kings and princes did him homage. "Do you ask me about my course of life?" he writes. "I can only say, that I eat nothing but ambrosia, drink nothing but nectar, breathe nothing but incense, and tread on nothing but flowers! Every man I meet, and still more every lady, would think they were wanting in the most indispensable duty, if they did not make a long and elaborate harangue in my praise. What happened last week, when I had the honor of being presented to the Dauphin's children at Versailles, is one of the most curious scenes I have yet passed through. The Duc de Berri, 10 years old, stepped forth and told me how many friends and admirers I had in this country, and that he reckoned himself in the number, from the pleasure he had received from the reading of many passages in my works. When he had finished, his brother, the Count de Provence, who is two years younger, began his discourse, and informed me that I had been long and impatiently expected in France; and that he himself expected soon to have great satisfaction from the reading of my fine History. But what is more curious, when I was carried thence to the Count d'Artois, who is but four years of age, I heard him mumble something, which, though he had forgot it in the way, I conjectured from some scattered words, to have been also a panegyric dictated to him."

After all we must blame "le bon David," good fellow as he was in all the social relations, for scattering fire brands, arrows and death, and saying, am I not in sport? But he was a saint amidst the benighted pagans among whom he lived in Paris, and of whom he wickedly gives the Rev. Dr. Blair the following satisfactory account. "The men of letters here are really very agreeable; all of them men of the world, living in entire, or almost entire harmony among themselves, and quite irreproachable in their morals. It would give you and Jardine and Robertson, great satisfaction to find that there is not a single deist among them." H. G. E.

For the Register.

LETTERS FROM THE WESTWARD.

PITTSBURG, May 26

My date sets finally at rest the question as to the route I should take westward. Our boat was advertised to leave Buffalo at nine in the morning—but the gentleman who was with me said he understood their ways, and in a confidential conversation with the Captain, was told that they should leave at 7 P. M. or on the arrival of the Eastern cars. We hastened on board at half past six and got slowly under way a little after nine. We were entertained meanwhile with a whole chapter of anecdotes illustrating the dim notions of time which prevail in the west. As for instance, a boat puts up a staring placard, advertising to leave at such an hour, gets up steam, puffs away, and rings the bell. These appearances are kept up till a goodly number of passengers are entrapped, the births taken (perhaps paid for) and other boats have left; then the steam is let off, and they *lie in wait* for the unfortunate of another train. In some instances this process is repeated two or three times; or perhaps the unhappy wayfarers are kept in durance twelve hours or more, expecting every moment to go. Until we had fairly left the wharf, we were in perfect uncertainty whether we might not still pass the night in Buffalo; and glad were we when we very slowly moved out of port, dragging a heavy schooner at our stern.

We were fortunate also not to go any sooner; for far the pleasantest part of our time was while we were on board, and we were spared from being dragged out of our berths at Erie before day-break. Then it was very diverting to watch the operations in the harbor. The men were toiling as hard by night as by day to stow away the piles of flour-barrels that blocked the street. The great steamer Niagara lay close at our side, while two or three smaller ones were pushing and thrusting their way among the miscellaneous craft, higher up the creek; and infinite was the labor and confusion of pushing aside the huge bulk of the Niagara, and managing the canal-boats, so as not to be crushed, or have the men dragged off by the rope. Little our boats shot by now and then, and men were baling water to wash down the packet-decks, and squads of people of all ages and conditions were perched all about, and a group of children were indulging in their sole recreation of capering on the roof of a high house; and all this combined with the general bustle and liveliness of the port, and the head and stern-lights reflected in the dark water, and the boat-songs in the distance, was not wholly unworthy, as we thought, to pass for an unromantic prose representation of the bright and busy canals of Venice.

The squalls on the lake are very violent; and as the harbors are few and the waves (owing to the little depth or breadth of the lakes,) are very rough, they are difficult to escape. A boat was caught in one a few years ago, having seven men on board, of whom five were drowned. "How mysterious are the ways of Providence," said a man speaking afterwards of the disaster. "There was my son-in-law, perfectly steady, with a wife and children depending on him, and he was drowned; and my son, a single man and a good for nothing rascal was saved." This illustrated some people's way of viewing matters in a religious light.

At 8 o'clock the Pittsburg stage drove up—a huge lumbering affair, weighing 37 cwt besides passengers and baggage. This was in compliment to our unusual number; as the boat the night before did not leave Buffalo till near morning, and we had two days' freight at once. We passed a few beautiful valleys, woods and farms, and a plenty of new clearings, adorned with nothing but blackened stumps. Six or eight miles brought us to the height of land, where the water flows from the two sides of a barn into Lake Erie and the Alleghany. So for the first time, we were among the tributaries of the western waters, in a nook of the great Mississippi valley. The difference in vegetation is very great, even from Buffalo, though that is before yours at Boston. Here I found full and rich summer verdure, especially at Meadville, which lies in a charming sunny valley. Our road was very hilly, (though far out of sight of any mountains,) and the soil is mainly clay. This was softened by several days rain; so besides our ponderous coach and a load in proportion, we had the tenacity of the clay and the dead weight of piles of mud, for our four horses to struggle against. Our average speed was in consequence three miles an hour, and we did not reach Meadville till half past six.

I shall not add any more to what you have seen a dozen times already, about this pleasant and hospitable place. A lighter coach with a more manageable load went on towards Pittsburgh the next day at four—in the interval of a thunder-shower, which was the prelude to a rainy and dark night. We thought it dreary work, trying to get a little sleep on the road—but after being compelled to wait an hour in a vile bar-room, were glad enough to resume our seats. We were in sight of Pittsburgh about four in th afternoon. We had been warned of it for a dozen miles, by the smoky atmosphere in that direction, and at three or four miles distance we passed the first of those peculiar looking forges, belching its sooty cloud. Saving only the smoke, I was surprised and delighted with the beauty of the location. Our road lay along a canal—the wide brown Alleghany beside it, and beautifully wooded hills beyond. There are many pleasant country-seats in the vicinity, the white houses being shaded charmingly among the trees; and right at our side the steep hill was laid out in house-lots, and planted with grape-vines or garden vegetables. I should think one would need a ladder to crawl or climb up the steep garden paths.

The sooty and dingy look of the city, every body knows—also the amazing deposites of iron and coal that form its natural wealth. As the head of river navigation it is a point of much interest. This was indicated by some companies of Eastern volunteers, trooping about the streets to the sound of bad music, about to embark for Mexico, and by the long row of steamers at the landing on Monongahela river, heading in, as you see them in Banvard's view of New Orleans. The tongue of low land where the rivers meet is occupied with ill-looking forges and houses, and the better part of the town is near the splendid Monongahela bridge. This is suspended on nine great piers, high enough to allow steamboats to pass under, and away up the river. The slope of the street which forms the landing is paved to low water mark—being just now about 200 feet wide. The opposite shore consists of a high steep bluff, (a mere mass of soft coal covered up,) with a range of forges on the flat strip at its foot, by the river's edge. That street is sooty and grimy enough, as you may suppose. The coal is brought down on steep railways, as you see them in pictures—so steep, that in spite of my practice at Niagara, I found it absolutely impossible to ascend to the pit's mouth. The children about the forges are numerous and curiously black. The worn-looking men were washing themselves after their day's work, as faithfully as the nature of the case would allow, and it was pleasant to see them taking a little rest at their supper tables. Men in forges always have this worn, almost haggard look. It must be terrible work.

OHIO RIVER, May 27.

We are just getting under way from Wheeling—the engine is groaning and puffing, and the bustle of baggage and passengers is gradually passing away. Most of the passengers are grouped at the other end of the cabin, where a fiddler fiddles and occasionally sings. The last few miles have been as beautiful as anything I ever thought or read of river-scenery—save the dingy coal-blackened towns, of which this is one. The banks and islands are just of the sort you may suppose—crowded with verdure, and fair in the freshness of spring. The river winds from side to side through the broad alluvial plain lying between the ranges of hill or bluff—so that you always have plain on one side and bluff on the other. The "channel" in like manner winds to and fro in the stream, so that it takes no small pains and skill to worm our way along—one engine or both stopping very frequently to facilitate the process. The rains this week have raised the river to seven feet at Pittsburgh; but we have already outstripped the rise, and are in rather shallow water. One characteristic thing should not be omitted—the hideous shriek or howl, loud as ten rail-road whistles, with which an engine greets some landing-place. Now it puffs and pants again steadily, the rush of waters is beneath, and the boat creaks and shudders under full headway, whereof my writing shows the tokens.

The sunset was very lovely, and we have now a charming moonlight evening. It is dusky, so that we can just see the dim outline of the hills. The evening star went down brilliantly on our right, and the pale moon follows in the bright heavens above and the glassy waves below. This epithet applies only to the glistening surface. The water is an opaque brown. One of our passengers, who has just hailed me as he strode by, is a tall Ohio soldier, with grim moustache, just returned from the wars. He came home sick from Camargo. By his account the army's enthusiasm for Gen. Taylor has not been exaggerated, neither the hardships of the campaign. He represents the Mexicans on the whole as a much better race of people than I supposed; says they are very quick at imitating and tough at enduring, and will march 200 miles, at forty miles a day, with less exhaustion than ours would have in less than half the distance. They are shockingly broken up and misgoverned, very insolent when they think a Mexican force is near, or on the eve of a battle, but tame and docile in other circumstances.

Another beautiful sunset, and moonlight evening. The river broader, and on the whole less interesting. In the day time, we spend most of the hours on the shady side, talking or reading. The three meals consume a great part of the day, in dressing, setting and clearing away. Our table is very long. The chairs are collected, and each person stands in solemn pause behind his own. When the places are thus taken, and all is perfectly still, the ladies are ushered from their apartment, where they keep very snug and silent. And when all, down to each little girl of ten or eleven, have taken their seats, the bell is rung, every man is in his chair, as by magic plates clatter, and eager hands are stretched forth, while our "nimble and airy servitors" in linen jackets or perhaps none, trip about, in perplexed and anxious attendance upon our conflicting wants. The ceremony of the thing is rather amusing—to watch the expectant faces, still more so; (for we have a most miscellaneous and rather rough assembly;) but the amusement wears away with the novelty, and I shall be glad to-morrow to sit down to a quiet table, in Cincinnati.

J. H. A.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE CHRISTIAN INQUIRER.

One of our New York clergymen, whose initials will be readily deciphered, has performed a sort of missionary tour by way of recreation, and he communicates with his friends through the Christian Inquirer. The readers of the Register, who do not generally see the Inquirer, claim also to be his friends, and will feel entitled to hear from him, and we therefore shall copy his correspondence; which, even if there were not the strong personal interest that is felt in the writer, would be of itself sufficiently attractive and instructive.

UTICA, 21st July, 1847.

DEAR INQUIRER,—We left New York on Thursday evening, the 15th instant, on a tour of mingled pleasure and profit, seeking relaxation and opportunities of missionary labor, with the more particular purpose, however, of visiting the Unitarian parishes through this State. All the world seemed suddenly to have taken the same determination with ourselves to move up the North River. At least we missed nobody. Four steamboats, each a considerable town and over-populous, started from the piers at 7 o'clock for Albany! What a vagabond nation we are, civilized nomads—peripatetics—the first and last article of whose philosophy of life is "keep moving!" The constant and varied intercourse of our people with each other, the bringing into such close contact all sections of the country and all classes of the population, cannot fail to remove local prejudices and social animosities. I cannot help regarding the splendor of our steamboats as highly civilizing to the taste and manners of the common people. Every one may notice the influence of elegant furniture, handsome table equipage, beautiful carpets and painted panel-work, upon the conduct of the rudest passengers. Out of a company of four or five hundred on board the Hendrick Hudson, made up of all classes of society, from the highest to the lowest, there was not one who did not behave with the strictest propriety. The quietness, courtesy, and mutual deference of the crowds on our best appointed steamboats, speak volumes in favor of the moral influence of their elegance and taste. I regard them as missionaries of manners and of the fine arts. The love of consistency is so strong a feeling in our nature, that people cannot help dropping their boorishness in the midst of elegance. How seldom, in other countries, do the uneducated and rude classes of society come in contact with the refined and cultivated! We cannot doubt that our steamboat cabins and tables are doing a great deal to disseminate refined habits and usages, notwithstanding the shock which those who value themselves on their good breeding always profess to receive from the contact of the rude on these occasions.

Passing by for the present Albany and Troy, both of which I had recently visited, we hurried on to Utica, where I hoped to make some arrangements for preaching, against our return from Trenton. Owing to the extreme heat of the weather, and the reluctance of the people to gather together for evening services, it was deemed inexpedient to attempt any service there, especially on the evening of a week-day, when the people are much less likely to turn out; so I reluctantly abandoned my purpose until we should be able to pass a Sabbath in that place.

On Friday afternoon, we rode over to Trenton Falls, distant some fifteen miles from Utica. Few people know what they undertake, in finishing twenty-four hours,—twelve of which have been passed in a steamboat cabin, and six or seven on a slow railroad, like that between Albany and Utica,—with an afternoon drive to Trenton! The road thither is perhaps the most tedious, rough, and thoroughly disagreeable road, leading to any place of ordinary resort, within the present knowledge of travellers. It combines the disadvantages of being rocky and sandy; deeply rutted with mud-holes, and yet dusty to excess: so that while the fore-wheel of the coach is spattering you with mud, the hind-wheel is choking you with dust!—That such a wretched road should lead to so delightful a place!

We had visited the beautiful falls at Trenton before—but we delighted to see them again. I have heard of people being disappointed in Niagara, but never heard of anybody being disappointed in Trenton. Trenton is just what you would have a picturesque waterfall. It makes no appeal to your sense of wonder, does not stun you out of your self-possession, nor keep you at such a respectful distance that you underestimate its size. You do not go there expecting to see the water tumbling from the clouds, nor making a noise to be heard the moment you enter the county---and so you are not disappointed. At an ordinary stage of the water, the Falls admit the visitor to the utmost familiarity---you fairly get into them. The chasm in which the West Canada Creek runs, is deep enough to shut all the rest of the world out, and you live for hours in communion with *water* in all its infinitely varied forms and colors; now still, as if stunned with its fall, in the deep basin which receives its perpendicular descent, and now flying with resistless haste and power, as though driven by dreadful fear; now solid and transparent as a block of glass suspended on the brink of a precipice, and now as if that block had suddenly fallen and shivered itself to sparkling atoms upon the rocks beneath; now black and substantial as ebony, now beaten into a creamy foam, reaching to the very bottom of the channel; now seeming to be braided in long waving bands, like smooth yellow hair into which strings of pearls have been woven, and now as if a thousand serpents, spotted with silver, were coiling themselves together in wild or mad fury!

The rocks at Trenton are more unobtrusive, but not less important to the effect than the water itself. They possess the regularity of art and the vastness which belongs exclusively to nature. When the visitor is told that the deep chasm in that solid rock has been made by the flowing of the stream, he is incredulous; and he may well be so if he supposes that its ordinary July or August current is the agent of such a gigantic work. It might roll on to the crack of doom with such a stream, and make small impression upon its rocky prison walls; but for six or eight months in the year it is a raging flood, hurling about tremendous blocks of ice and stone, and beating its bed as if with a thousand trip-hammers. It is not the slow and steady work of ages that effects these great geological changes, so much as the repetition of convulsions, of freshets, &c., just as a violent shower will tear up and ruin in an hour a road which the ordinary rain of a whole season would not damage.

We staid only twenty-four hours at Trenton Falls, the favored guests of Mr. Moore, whose neat and excellent house has all the comfort of a private residence. The engravings that cover his walls are themselves worthy of a visit to Trenton, and show that taste and intelligence, as well as skill in house-keeping, preside over the establishment. The lady visitors are terribly humbled by the confessed superiority of Mrs. Moore's cake. The best confectioners in New York could take lessons there.

But Trenton Falls are not the most interesting things in Trenton to all visitors, and certainly not to us. Two and a half miles from the Falls, are the village and the people. We had come mainly to see these; and while one day had contented us at the Falls, *three* did not satisfy at the village.

A traveller riding through this little village, would pronounce it one of the least attractive on his journey. It has an appearance of decay.—The houses are, almost without exception, small and low. There is hardly any sign of business, enterprise or thrift. The scenery is tame, and gives no indication of the wonderful Fall which is hid in its bosom: yet there is in this village a peculiar intelligence and refinement, an uncommon sum of social and religious excellence, and as many and as marked characters as are to be found in any similar number of people anywhere within our knowledge. Trenton was originally settled by agents of land holders in Holland.—These were men of learning—taste—intelligence—religious feelings; moreover, they were Unitarians—and they gave a tone and stamp to this community, of a peculiar and most delightful character. We know not where we should go to find a more interesting union of refinement and simplicity; of cultivation and primitive freedom and frankness of character—of inborn superiority and voluntary condescension. The village seems to live together as one family, each interested in everything that concerns the other. How far this may be owing to congenial elements, and how far to the influence of the excellent and devoted pastor of the principal religious society there, I cannot judge. The Rev. Mr. Buckingham, who has now given his superior talents to the small but interesting flock gathered in Trenton for nearly eight years, (long enough to have seen every other religious society in the neighborhood change its minister once or twice over,) is singularly adapted to his position. I confess it had been a matter of some little secret surprise to me that he should so long have been contented in the obscure and humble field in which he was laboring; but that surprise has entirely vanished upon an actual acquaintance with the place and the people, and Mr. B.'s relations to them. Mr. B. is evidently every body's son, or brother, or cousin, in all Trenton. He lives in affectionate cordiality with all the people; known intimately to all, and a friend, companion, teacher, consoler, and example to all. I have never seen a more attached people, or one more obviously under the influence of their pastor. Mr. B. has a peculiar sense of the obligation of carrying out Christianity in all its practical force. He insists that his parishioners shall be helpers and friends of each other, as well as being fellow-worshippers. He desires to make his Society a kind of mutual insurance company against every form of evil, want, sorrow, ignorance, error, and sin.—It is delightful to see how far he has succeeded in impressing his own eminently Christian spirit, his humility, simplicity, frankness, and love upon the people.

Mr. Buckingham preaches every other Sunday at Holland Patent, four miles north, where his regular hearers may be estimated at from 80 to 100. At Trenton Village the number is considerably more. Perhaps his parish may be said to number 250, and this is a very large proportion of the church-goers of the town. Our brother's labor has been blessed with several marked conversions from the popular faith to the true one, although the fruits of his ministry are less sectarian than Christian. He has more faith in the reforming power of a simple exhibition of practical Christianity, than in any maintenance, either positively or negatively of Christian dogmas. Perhaps he carries his prejudices against doctrinal preaching too far, and yet we should be very sorry to see him abandon his own excellent methods of usefulness. We are gradually learning that every man works best in his own way, and that we need have little fear of the ultraisms of those who set up the spirit of Christ above every thing else. Free intercourse with brother B., with whom I supposed myself to have some considerable and important differences of sentiment, particularly as to ministerial action, has satisfied me, not that we differ any the less, but that his opinions are at least as well worthy of consideration as my own, and that he is doing a good and glorious work for the Gospel in his own way.

It was my privilege to preach twice in Trenton Village, to his congregation, and to make some representations of the plans and purposes of the Unitarian Association, to this the oldest Society in the State of New York. There is a cordial interest there in our cause, and in the objects of our Association. I have, too, what we prize even more than new subscribers, a promise of a series of articles from brother Buckingham, for the Inquirer, in which he is to enjoy full liberty "to speak out in meeting," and tell us his own mind. Besides this, I have two or three manuscripts from him, of which our readers will soon reap the benefit. We are very well content with the spoils we made in Trenton, and leave it with a cordial interest in its people, and an increased respect and gratitude to its minister.

In my next, I shall take up my visit to Vernon.

Yours truly, H. W. B.

ENGLISH UNITARIANS, AMERICAN UNITARIANS, AND SLAVERY.

The London Inquirer of July 3d, received by the Steamer of last week, contains a letter from Rev. Mr. Tagart in reply to Mr. Estlin, which those interested in previous communications on the subject, will doubtless be glad to read. We give it entire, in connection with some extracts from an editorial that appears in the same paper. The remarks of the editor are as follows:

How can we most effectually help the many hundreds of thousands of our brethren who have been robbed of their mental and bodily freedom! How can we most hasten the restoration of their rights and dignity as men! The large number of communications we have received within the last two or three weeks on this most important question, would seem to point out the present as a seasonable opportunity for giving expression to our own views.

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The inquiry, then, presents itself—Shall we be listened to? We believe we shall most readily. * * The readiness with which we shall be heard, and the weight of our influence, however, manifestly depend on the nature and spirit of our communications. If, in what we say and do, we are rash and hasty, dealing largely in invective and threat towards those whose opinions differ from our own, our zeal will be regarded as a zeal without knowledge; whereas, in proportion as we cherish that nobler zeal, which, while it is quite as ardent, is yet calm and thoughtful and wise, shall we have power to convince the mind, and win and strengthen the heart. Denunciation may beget anger in those against whom it is directed, but we think it more likely to injure than to benefit the slave. A free expression of our opinions and feelings, fervent and affectionate appeals, heartfelt sympathy in regard to difficulties, temptations, and sacrifices, an unfeigned anxiety to learn how we ourselves can be most useful,—these are the means whereby alone we can hope to render material service in the great work of universal emancipation.—No other line of conduct, we are persuaded, can be so effectual. There must be no assumption of infallibility on this any more than on any other subject. If Dr. Dewey and Dr. Parkman do not agree with us as to the method of abolition, we shall move them neither by dogmatic dictation, nor by threatening a less hearty reception to our homes. We may by this means render them deaf to all we have to say, but we must look to arguments, and the development of right modes of thought and action, if we would accomplish anything like substantial good. Very slow would we be to believe that men, whose characters have hitherto ranked among the highest in our estimation, could, while condemning slavery in the most unmeasured terms, be really apologists for the slave-owner; slower still would we be to speak out a conviction, which, while it may be wrong, had surely better remain unexpressed by us, though it should be right. Whenever we do err, let us err on the side of charity. Very highly do we value at this time the good understanding which subsists between our American Unitarian brethren and ourselves. We value it, because there are so many great, good, and eloquent men among them; we value it, because we hold in common with them a holy and beautiful faith, which gives to life a lofty purpose and import, and sheds a bright light around the grave, and a glory over immortality; we value it, because we ourselves have experienced with some of them the most delightful and improving intercourse, and because there is a constant communion between them and us of a most instructive and elevating nature by means of books; but certainly, not least of all, do we value it, because we think by our all joining hands and hearts, we may do more than we could otherwise do, to weaken and to break the chains of the unhappy slave. Those, therefore, who differ from us as to the best mode of bringing about emancipation, we would gladly welcome to our firesides, to talk over, among other things, freely and earnestly, as Christians ought to do, the condition of our colored brother, whose deprivations are greater than he knows. Not even the society of the slave-owner would we shun, for we believe he will some day acknowledge that "of one blood hath God made all the nations of the earth;" and perchance we might be the happy instruments of rekindling a flame of love, which we regard as at length destined to burn brightly in his bosom.

LETTER FROM REV. E. TAGART TO J. B. ESTLIN, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR,—Although I am unwilling to make any opinion or feeling of mine on American Slavery for a moment the object of public attention, yet personal respect and regard will not suffer me to leave altogether unnoticed the letter, addressed to me, which appeared in the Inquirer of the 12th of June. Allow me, therefore, to say, that I deprecate altogether the introduction of that subject, as one for discussion and action, at the anniversary meetings of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association. I need not say to you that that Association is formed for specific objects, clearly defined. At the late meeting at Hackney, those objects were almost entirely lost sight of, by the warm discussion which took place, and which turned upon the conduct and duties of certain gentlemen in America, in reference to the great social evil now pressing on that country. I believe that the re-agitation of that subject, at future anniversaries, will interfere still more seriously with the pursuit of those objects, and with attention to those matters, close to our homes and doors, in which our Association, and that alone, can operate with effect. The contents of your own letter, the numerous facts to which you have alluded, the feelings and views which you have expressed, the freedom with which you have touched the names and characters of individuals connected with it, your strong sympathy with the Abolitionists, your marked disapprobation of some who have stood aloof from them, all seem to open a wide field of discussion, which promises no adequately useful result, and in which I, for one, could take no part. The subject is fitter for the special Anti-Slavery Associations and meetings. To many of the gentlemen in Boston who joined in the late friendly invitation to their Unitarian brethren on this side of the Atlantic, I am bound by strong ties of personal friendship and respect. I am not prepared to cast reproach upon them for remissness in duty in reference to Slavery, or any other matter. I am diffident of the advantage of distance for seeing the paths of their duty, and distrustful of our power and right to urge them forward in those paths. I fancy that, if I were in the midst of the evil, I could discern more confidently than I now can how it would become me, as a man, a Christian, and a citizen of a great republic like America, to act in reference to Slavery. I find it difficult to conceive, with regard to any one of my Christian Unitarian brethren, whatever they may so or do, that they are less sensible of the enormous evil, or less disposed to make every sacrifice which God and conscience, which Christianity and humanity, demand of them, than I should be in their circumstances. Friendly advice, I know, may be offered by those who are in a position to offer it. Christian appeals may be urged on that or any subject, and will, I doubt not, be received in the spirit in which they are made. But I was not one who joined in urging our Transatlantic brethren to increased exertion in behalf of the slave, because I thought it bore the appearance of a right on our part to dictate to them their course of duty, and to imply that they were not already sufficiently awake to it, or not prepared to follow it. Let us, if you please, join in any noble efforts and sacrifices of our own in behalf of the oppressed and suffering; but surely the last and lowest mode of manifesting zeal for humanity or of promoting any good cause is the indulgence of a depreciating and vituperative spirit, against those who see not the path of duty in the same light or direction in which it appears to us. In my heart I believe that a richly endowed state church, like ours, with its present constitution, stands grievously in the way of public intelligence and integrity, and of the application of common sense to the Bible and religion; but I am not prepared to attack the aged Archbishop of Canterbury, as the arch-corrupter of English morals.

To many the bearings of our Unitarian principles upon the political, social, and moral questions of the day are far more interesting than the argumentative, critical and scriptural foundation for those principles. The theology and logic of the question being settled in their own minds and in the minds, as they think, of most reading and reflecting people, they conceive that Unitarianism will best attract public sympathy by the manifestation of high and superior influence upon those topics in which the public at large acknowledge their concern, such as Slavery, Temperance, Education, Colonization, Capital and Secondary Punishments, Prison Discipline, and the condition of Ireland and the poor

Impatient of belonging to a small and peculiar sect, desirous of seeing Unitarian Christianity go forth conquering and to conquer, they would have it assume, at once, the bold attitude and character of a mighty deliverer, prepared to strike the fetter from the slave, to bring light and life to the dark and imprisoned mind, to let the oppressed go free; ready and able to "comfort all that mourn." I know, I trust, as well as any of our body the influence of pure Christianity on all the great interests of humanity. I rejoice in all the indications which the members of our body may have given, and may continue to give, of their deep interest in social improvement But I believe that there is still an immense public, and that which is commonly esteemed the most religious public, utterly ignorant of the principles and grounds of Unitarian Christianity. The Unitarian Association was formed to diffuse light among that public, to disseminate the knowledge of those principles, to remove the films of prejudice, to induce attention to the scriptural grounds and best defences of the Unitarian, as the primitive, only catholic, apostolic, and truly Chrisian faith.

This is still, in my view, a great and important work,---a work toilsome, repulsive, slow, impeded by every sort of discouragement, both from within and without our body; but yet to me the great and important business of life's short hour. This done, other things will follow, "in all place and line of order;" and though success may be deferred, yet, in the words of that immortal but sightless poet, upon whose soul all heaven was let in,—

"Yet, I argue not
Against heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward."

We must concede to other sects, and to many who are of no sect at all, the moral qualities and the social excellencies, which belong to the truly Christian character. In many things we may look to them as patterns, and may have much to learn. We may boast of a knowledge of Scripture doctrine; their Bibles may be more constantly in their hands, and practically studied and applied. We may have superior elements of devotion; their religious exercises may be more frequent, more fervent, and more devout. We may have a creed more tolerant, more enlightened; their deeds of mercy, their practical, generous, and self-denying charities, may put our worldliness and selfish cares to shame. But our only distinctive peculiarity and superiority, as I conceive, is this—a clearer perception of the great fundamental principles of the glorious Gospel of the ever-blessed God; a strict adherence in our worship to the simple and hallowed instruction and example of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ; in a word, a more faithful adherence to the sufficiency of Scripture, without admixture of "philosophy, falsely so-called."

I could say much in reference to your letter. Pardon me if I have chosen to wander from it, upon ground more agreeable to my cast of thought. I would willingly drop a word or two in defence of those in America, who have been repelled, rather than attracted, by the vehemence and violence of some of the Abolition party. I would say a word in behalf of Dr. Dewey, who, I have been given to understand, has very recently taken a part on the subject of Slavery, which even you would admit to be bold and admirable, and who, in his pamphlet on Slavery and the Annexation of Texas, in 1844, now before me, denounces slavery, as of all wrongs the greatest, and declares, "that the moral sentiments of mankind will not be satisfied till slave-holding, as well as slave-trading, has disappeared from the earth." I am persuaded that with all good men in America, (and shall I not reckon Dr. Parkman in the number!) the opposite of slavery is one, not of principle or feeling, but of time and of means. It seems admitted on all sides that slavery hangs like an awful and tremendous cloud over our sister country and her institutions: and whether that cloud pass slowly off or burst in thunder, tempest, and desolation on the land, will be determined by that Providence, who rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm, who maketh the wrath of man to praise Him, and "worketh in us to will and to do of his good pleasure."

I am, dear Sir, your faithful friend and ser't,
EDWARD TAGART.

A heated iron, though blunt, will pierce where a much sharper instrument, if it be cold, cannot. So, if our ministers be filled with the Spirit, they will pierce into the hardest hearts, where the sharpest wits cannot.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, AUGUST 28, 1847.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN UNITARIANS.

The recommendation of non-intercourse and embargo measures by the former of these two bodies toward the latter, is not likely to be adopted. Nor have we for a moment believed that Mr. Estlin, or Mr. Bishop, represented the feelings and position of the main body of the English Unitarians; or even that if English Unitarians feared their trans-atlantic brethren were not so bold and active as they ought to be in carrying out all the great *practical* principles of the gospel, they would on that account cut asunder the bond of Christian fellowship which had hitherto so happily united them.

In regard to the sentiments of Mr. Tagart's letter on the first page, so eminently Christian in its whole spirit, we cannot say, for ourselves, that we assent to all of them. We think he errs in limiting the objects of Unitarian Associations to the promotion of the Unitarian faith distinctively so called. He seems to consider their proper and sole aim to be *doctrinal* in distinction from the *practical*. There are those, we know, among ourselves, who entertain precisely Mr. Tagart's opinions on this point, in reference to the Unitarian association in this country. Much can be said, and Mr. Tagart has said it, on that side of the question; but more, we think, can be said on the other.

And first, it has been the great error of the Church in every age to insist on the doctrinal to the exclusion of the practical in religion. The consequence has been that the Church has slumbered for ages over evils which the Son of man came to destroy. We see its consequences further in false standards of piety; in the exclusiveness and contentions of sects; in the reproaches and anathemas of brother against brother, for a simple departure from creeds formed by human device; in a word, in gross violation of the *spirit* of the gospel for the promotion or defence of what have been called the *doctrines* of the gospel. With these consequences not merely visible in the past, but all rife at the present moment, are not Unitarians called, in their associate capacity as Unitarians, to labor for something more than *doctrine* alone!

Not the doctrinal only, nor the practical only, is sufficient, but their *union*—and the doctrinal for the sake of the practical—the doctrinal behind pushing forward the practical—the doctrinal not as an end, but a means—the doctrinal as a lever always heaving at the practical as the thing to be raised.

The great central principle of Unitarians, moreover, is RIGHTEOUSNESS. How can Unitarians meet for the promotion of their faith, and not consider this its very central principle—this its very spirit and life and object? How can they consider it, and not discuss its various applications to society? How can they reach forth to establish it, and not touch in every direction this and that *wrong*, which must be removed—this and that *sin* which must be destroyed! How can they help considering some of those very subjects, which Mr. Tagart excludes from their united consideration—War, Slavery, Intemperance, the condition of the Poor!

That American Unitarians are doing all they can and ought for the removal of slavery, or any other evil, few among themselves, if any, will maintain. But they claim to be doing something. They hope and seek to do more, as light shall break in upon their path; as they shall better understand the proper *methods* of action in the case; and as the way shall be prepared, through God's co-working Providence, for them to act. In so great a work, the wise and Christian co-operation of their brethren on the other side of the Atlantic will not be spurned, nor paternal exhortation and admonition be disregarded. Each body will be the stronger, and of better courage, through the power of mutual sympathy and fellowship. And as the watchman on the British Isles shall call to his brother on these Western shores,—"Watchman! what of the night?"—may the answer ever and anon be, "The morning cometh!" And if amid the continuance of the evils, and the vicissitudes of reform, the reply is obliged to be given, "The morning cometh, *and also the night*,"—may the friendly remark also be added, as by the watchman of old in Dumah, "If ye still be disposed to inquire, inquire again!" And at no distant period may the response be heard,—The morning has come, with no night to set in! The calamities of the nation are past; the sighing of the oppressed is turned into joy; righteousness, the reign of universal righteousness, is established, never to be moved!

THE LATEST DEFINITION OF TRINITY.

A writer in the Recorder over the signature of "Church" who disapproves of "the admission" often made by Trinitarian writers, that "the distinction of the Godhead is utterly indefinable," and who thinks this alleged impossibility of definition is one of the principal reasons of the rejection of the doctrine, "proposes to attempt a definite and clear exhibition of this cardinal truth of the Gospel." An extract containing the essence of the article, we give to our readers at the very urgent personal request of the writer himself, who seems very sanguine that by means of the clear light he now sheds upon the subject, the objections of his "Unitarian friends" will all be scattered, and they be won back to the truth. Having first defined *being* to be "*a conscious, intelligent* and *voluntary substance*"—a substance endowed with "intellectual and moral faculties,"—a definition clear and accurate enough,—he proceeds to say:—

"Now our theory of the Trinity (which however we would by no means put forth as the only possible theory of a personal Trinity) is that this conception of the nature of a being is not to be applied to God without some change. There is a marked difference between the true conception of God, and the common conception of ourselves, as beings. This difference we decide to consist (speaking now but for ourselves) in this; that while in each human being, one intelligence, one consciousness, one capacity of emotion, of volition, &c., is connected with one substance, there is in the Divine Being, a triple character in this respect. Three intelligences, three capacities of consciousness, emotion, will, &c., are all connected with *the same* substance. These three intelligences, &c., we do not hold (with that extraordinary and elaborate series of contradictions, the Athanasian creed) to be one intelligence—the three incomprehensibles to be one incomprehensible; the statement that they are so, is to us the very climax of incomprehensibilities. The various powers of thought and feeling which we attribute to God, are all distinct and simple, as much so as though they belonged to us many different substances. There is in God not the solitary capacity of thought which characterises the human mind, but a triple faculty—that is, three separate faculties. There is a triplication of each several faculty and property of the human mind. Instead of a single congeries of powers, such as we are conscious of in ourselves, there are in God three classes of such properties—perfectly distinct from one another, alike, equal and infinite. Now to each of these classes of faculties, we give the name of "person." They are the ordinary faculties of a rational being—they lay the foundation for personal acts and relations, and we call them therefore, (not improperly it would seem,) three persons. God then exists as one substance with three classes of such faculties as constitute man a rational and moral agent—different only in the fact that they are infinite. He is one being therefore in three persons."

We say again as we said to our friend, that it is one thing to give a clear definition, and another to give a *rational* definition. To our view he has given a definition of a *monstrosity*. Everybody can understand his definition plainly enough; but it is a definition of an improbable, nay a *monstrous* existence. We were about to institute a comparison of his triple-souled Being, but we forbear, and would avoid even the appearance of irreverence toward God, in attempting to set forth our feeling of the absurdity of man. He has said, good-naturedly perhaps, and with a confidence allied only to meekness and not to conceit, that he "writes for none, whose ignorance is to be made the measure of others' knowledge." But until he *proves* something; until he does something more than *assume*; until he gives a *rational* as well as lucid definition, we shall apply *inversely* what he says about "ignorance" and "knowledge."

REV. DR. BUSHNELL AND THE MASSACHUSETTS SABBATH SCHOOL SOCIETY.

A pamphlet has just issued from the Hartford Ct., press, bearing the title, "An argument for Discourses on Christian Nurture addressed to the publishing committee of the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society, by Horace Bushnell." It is certainly a very remarkable Tract both *of* the Times, and *for* the Times. By the very impetus of the thoughts it will make its own way, in spite of all obstacles, where we most desire it to make its way—among the Orthodox body, of which Dr. B. is a member; and it must prepare the way for the wider and further and more rapid circulation of the little book on Christian nurture, which his "Argument" so triumphantly vindicates. The suppression of Dr. Bushnell's book by the committee of the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society, in obedience to the clamor of those whom Dr. B. calls the "out door committee of panic-mongers and wire pullers," was certainly a much worse mistake than to publish the book at first, if that was indeed a mistake. If they, (i. e., "the panic-mongers and out door committee,) wished to suppress what they deem error, they have taken the very course to give it free course, besides forcing the respectable committee of the Society to a most disgraceful and servile position.

We purchased and read Dr. B's book as soon as published, before any panic was ever made, and recommended it to several friends. We had been long accustomed to read and admire his productions; we perused his tract on Christian nurture with more pleasure than any previous work of his pen, and it has ever since been a "household" book. With interdict removed, or not removed, (and surely Dr. B. will not wait the movements of the committee of publication) his book will at last go like the rush of pent-up waters.

We hope to present both the book and argument by and by, in a form which shall enable the readers of the Register better to understand the merits of the question. Meantime, we allude to it, at present, chiefly to show what a state of *panic* this book has not so much *caused*, as clearly *revealed*, among the Orthodox of New England. They have been long frightened at the invasion of liberal sentiments, and now the suppression of this little book sounds like the cry of some that have perceived the water turning aside out of its bed, in the midst of Babylon, and they are at their wit's end, and have long been, to prevent it.

Dr. B's book is revealing the thoughts of many hearts. Some approve, and that openly, while others denounce. It is a pity that those who dissent from Dr. B. do not keep their temper a little better. We remember that about a year ago, an Orthodox divine, whose *professions* of candor have been abundant enough, thus expressed himself—"Left for the moment to our peace, we will stand quietly by, and look on to see how *liberally* the liberalists can treat each other. *Dies indicabit*. Till then, we will thank God for our comfortable rest, and take courage." Peace and rest! There is no peace to the Orthodox. If not fighting Unitarians, they will fight one another. "Dies INDICAVIT." The day *has* declared it, not *will*. Dr. B's very sportive and most unmalicious notice of East Windsor has awakened a marvellous outbreak from Dr. Tyler of that Institute. We give first Dr. B's description.

"We have a little Institution, sworn every six months to suffer no progress, also to maintain the new light doctrine as equivalent to all antiquity, and probably fulfilling its oaths with religious fidelity—therefore certain, as we suppose you will see, to condemn others with as little reason as it is permitted to exercise for itself. It has three Professors, and twelve or fifteen students, and calls off one or two ministers from their charge, a considerable part of the time, to gather up the requisite funds. To maintain its hold of public favor, it is obliged, of course, to do something more positive than to evince its repugnance to progress, by a regular diminution of its own numbers; since the turning out of four or five young preachers a year, is no such rate of propagation, as justifies the heavy expense of these salaries, it must make up the deficit, and keep the public apprized of its existence, in some other way. That such an Institution suffers many severe alarms for the truth, busies itself in a general censorship, becomes first an annoyance, and finally a subject of mirth, is well understood in Connecticut, and without any report from us you can easily show yourselves, out of the facts, that so it will be. You will even anticipate, without any notes of history from me, acts of private meddling, that disturb good neighborhoods, and discourage the most conciliatory purposes. Or, if I were to show you this same Institution, acting the part of a scavenger, three or four years ago, to a Baptist paper, then engaged in an assault upon my character, where of course, I must be silent, sending in its anonymous communications to help on the attack; representing moreover, that this present is the third or fourth public assault I have suffered from the same quarter; which, if I were to answer, it would be the first time that I have troubled them with a word—this you might not know beforehand, but it ought not, in the least to surprise you. For no matter how much you may rely on the character of the men, a band of angels subjected to such terms of existence, would have need to pray, "lead us not into temptation." In saying thus much, I do not conceive that I attack the motives of the worthy professors of this Institution. I only do my duty to you, by reminding you how far good men are swayed by causes back of their consciousness, and under even a great appearance of fairness. An Institution that is organized against the age, and the ordinances of heaven, has more to do than any thing human ever did, or can do; and is therefore under a perpetual inducement to the doing of what no man ought; in other words, it is, in itself, a 'most dangerous tendency.' Indeed, there is no monastic order, under vows of mendicancy, that will more surely sink itself, at last, to a public annoyance, and become a by-word than a Protestant Theological Seminary that is driven to meddle in all ways with the Church of God, to support a precarious existence!"

Hear now what Dr. Tyler has to reply, in the last week's Puritan.

"In speaking of my letter to him on 'Christian Nurture,' he calls it 'a remarkably quiet epistle;' and yet '*quiet*' as it is, it seems to have thrown him into a state of great pertubation. He vents his feelings, however, not against me individually, but against the Institution with which I am connected. He does not even name me in his pamphlet; but he can scarcely find words to express his hatred and contempt of this Seminary. Now what has this Institution done to provoke the wrath of Dr. B.? Why, one of its Professors has written to him 'a remarkably quiet epistle' relating to his book on Christian Nurture. But why is the whole Institution made responsible for the acts of an individual, performed on his own responsibility? I shall not undertake to answer this question. Whether the following passage of Scripture throws any light on the subject, the reader is left to judge. Esther 3: 5, 6. 'And when Haman saw that Mordecai bowed not, nor did him reverence, then was Haman full of wrath. And he thought scorn to lay hands on Mordecai alone; for they had shown him the people of Mordecai; wherefore Haman sought to destroy all the Jews that were throughout the whole kingdom of Ahasuerus, even the people of Mordecai."

Dr. Bushnell has indicated, too plainly perhaps, his estimate of the dimensions and force of Dr. Tyler, by "not even naming him." This is indeed rather uncomfortable to one's love of approbation; but Dr. Tyler would have done better not to be moved by it. Whether Dr. B. in courtesy might not have mentioned the name of good Dr. T., we do not presume to say, but that Dr. B. was influenced by any mere sense of injustice, or personal pique, in not naming his first opponent, is manifestly not the case. It is *contempt of calibre*, if we may so say—and his judgment (we say not the feeling of contempt,) is not far from right. For Dr. T. has no breadth, and not much length. He is at home in Hopkinsianism; is clear and strong there; he has moved so long in that circle as to go the rounds with ease, and with a good deal of energy when driven by some force *ab extra*. But he has no literature, no general theology, and none of the higher qualities of the theologian.

We think on the whole, that our Orthodox friends have something else to do just at present, than to stand and look on the Unitarians. We have an opportunity to throw back the "retort courteous" though perhaps it would not exactly be the retort *Christian*. But seriously, when shall these things have an end? Not until the Orthodox attain to a *larger Christian freedom!* Not til they stand on the simple rock of confession that "Jesus is the Christ the Son of God"! Not until they abandon their antagonistic attitude toward Unitarians as unbelievers and infidels! Not until they shall receive to their communion all who love our Lord in sincerity! Not until they cease to *drive* from their communion, those whom in charity they must believe are still Christians, but who cannot confess that Jesus is any other than the Son of God.

INSTALLATION AND DEATH OF THE REV. M. A. H. NILES.

The Belfast "Signal" of the 19th inst. comes to us having on its second page an account of the installation of Rev. M. A. H. Niles over the Unitarian society in that place, on the 11th inst.; and on its third, the record of his death on the 17th of the same month.—Having been unable to obtain an account of the services in season for our last week's paper, we present both his installation and his death in the connexion in which they came to us. The following communications we transfer from the Signal:—

INSTALLATION AND RELIGIOUS FESTIVAL.

The Installation of the Rev. M. A. H. NILES over the Unitarian Society in this town, took place on the 11th inst. The day was fine, the attendance very good, and the services in every respect, appropriate and becoming the occasion. On account of the indisposition of Mr. Niles, he was present *only* to receive the "Charge to the pastor," and the "Right hand of Fellowship." The sermon, by Rev. Dr. GANNETT, of Boston, came fully up to what might have been expected from so distinguished a divine. It was rather doctrinal in its character, and gave a *not to be mistaken* exposition of the Unitarian Faith. One hour and a quarter was occupied in its delivery; and a more attentive audience I never witnessed. As he advanced in his discourse every ear was intent, every eye fixed; and there he held them for the time stated; and had he continued for an hour longer, I doubt not he would have found *willing listeners*. The accompanying services of the day, were conducted as follows:—Introductory Prayer and Reading of Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. WHEELER, of Topsham; Installing Prayer, by Rev. Mr. COLE, of Hallowell; Charge to the Pastor, by Rev. Mr. WHEELER; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. JUDD, of Augusta, which was very pathetic and appropriate. Address to the People by Rev. Mr. MILES, of Lowell, Mass., who, in his allusion to his christian brother and late fellow-laborer in the same field and cause, (alluding to Mr. Niles) spoke in the strongest terms of his philanthropy as a man and his devotion as a christian. He further said, "while he congratulated this people on their new pastoral relations, he felt to mourn the loss of a true and valued friend, from his immediate councils and fire-side." Concluding Prayer by the Rev. Mr. JUDD.

Then follows an account of the Festival, where a blessing having been craved by Rev. Wm. Frothingham, (who had been the pastor of the Church for thirty years, but whom the infirmities of years had induced to resign,) the company were addressed by Hon. John Wilson, Ex-Gov. Anderson, (two of the few surviving individuals who had witnessed Mr. Frothingham's installation,) also by Mr. Frye, of Belfast, Rev. Mr. Thurston of Searsport, Rev. Mr. Judd, Mr. Bourne of Kennebunk, Rev. Dr. Gannet, Rev. Mr. Miles, Rev. Mr. Hudson of Belfast, Rev. Mr. Cole and Mr. Fenno of Augusta. Prayer from Rev. Mr. Thurston concluded the festival. The writer than adds,

May this social gathering, together with every thing pertaining to it, have its results in the enhanced spiritual and worldly good of all present. And in God's wisdom and goodness, may their present Pastor recover from his bodily infirmities, to become a blessing to this people in his time and place;—and their former faithful servant be spared for many years of enjoyment, in his decline of life. But should it be otherwise, "Thy will, O Lord, not ours, be done."

Belfast, Aug. 14th, 1847.

The following is the obituary, and editorial notice on the third page of the paper.

Died in this town, Aug. 17th, Rev. M. A. H. NILES, aged 41, Pastor of the First Congregational Society in Belfast.

Mr. Niles was a native of Deer Isle, in this State, which place he left in his youth and went to reside in Newburyport. Having completed his collegiate course he entered upon the profession of the ministry, and after residing for a time in the West, he returned and was settled as Pastor of a church in Marblehead, and more recently in Lowell, Mass. In May last he came to this place, to supply for one Sabbath, the pulpit which the Rev. Mr. Frothingham had recently vacated by reason of the infirmities of age, after a ministry of more than the quarter part of a century. In compliance with the wishes of the society, Mr. Niles subsequently returned to supply the pulpit for a few Sabbaths, and at the close of his engagement, he was with entire unanimity invited to become their pastor. He accepted the invitation, and arrangements preliminary to his installation on the 10th inst., were immediately made. Illness with which he was suddenly seized, with other circumstances, rendered it necessary that the religious services of the occasion should be deferred until the day following. His installation accordingly took place on the 11th inst. Mr. N. was able to attend during a portion of the services, from which he retired to his chamber, to go no more out. His disease lingered about him, without occasioning much physical suffering, or exciting doubts of his recovery, until the morning of the 17th inst., when a sudden change was observed to take place in his countenance, and in a few brief moments, without a struggle, he sunk gently to his last repose. Thus terminated the earthly career of an excellent man, a kind parent, an affectionate husband, a scholar and a christian. The church and society over which he was so recently installed as pastor, feel deeply this bereavement. His connection with them, although brief, had been long enough to win for him their undivided love and esteem, and to afford the most gratifying anticipations of the future. Infinite Wisdom has seen fit to disappoint their hopes, and to remove from the scene of his earthly labors their friend and pastor. May the last lesson which fell from his lips sink deep into their hearts, that they who would be the disciples of Christ, in truth or in deed, must learn submission to the will of his and their Father in Heaven.

"All things come alike to all: there is one event to the righteous and the wicked.

[Eccles. IX, 2.

"As for man his days are as grass; as the flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it and it is gone: and the place thereof shall know it no more."

[Ps. CIII, vs. 15, 16.

We are called upon this week to record the death of the Rev. Mr. NILES, whose installation over the Unitarian Society of this town, took place on Wednesday, the 11th inst., and the proceedings of which will be found in another page of this paper which now records his death. Thus it is, that, in the prime of life and at the commencement of his ministerial career over the society, who had called him under such flattering circumstances to assume the duties of pastor, he has been summoned into eternity to give an "account of the deeds done in the body."

The prospects of usefulness which were now opening before him, and the just expectations entertained by the Parish from the high consideration of his talents, are all swept away, and soon the grave will close over his mortal remains forever. Yet there will be tears shed, and sighs go up in memory of the departed, among those who had but recently received him as their beloved pastor; while the wife and orphan children are left to mourn his irreparable loss.

This sudden bereavement has cast a gloom over our quiet village, and calls us to pause amid the whirl and bustle of business, in contemplation of the uncertainty of life, and the wise, yet inscrutable ways of Providence."

We take the opportunity to record our own personal testimony to the great worth of our departed brother. Our first acquaintance with him dates back to the month of October in the year 1845, when he called on us at our residence. He was then, without being fully aware of it himself, a Unitarian. A comparison of views showed that he was as much so as the writer, if not even more. On the last Sunday of the same month, he preached for us as agent of the Seamen's Friend Society, when we had the opportunity of still further conversation. He was now seeing clearly the step before him, and he stood ready to sacrifice the private feelings of his heart to the convictions of duty. It was a great struggle for him, as it must be for every one, to give up long cherished associations and intimacies. The change, too, was the greater, as he passed from a once entire belief in rigid Calvinism to Unitarianism. But he was faithful to the law in his mind. His constitutional habits of thinking, his training as a classical scholar, the philological investigations which he was obliged to pursue as professor of languages in Indiana College, (where he had passed some years before going to Marblehead,) with the circumstances of his lot, all combined to lead him to Unitarianism. He was without reproach in his Orthodox connexion, nay, a brother beloved. The only blemish they found in him was what they called the "pride of reason"—which they should rather have called a regard for the "light within," and a just self-respect arising from the consciousness of obedience to that light, illuminated by, and in turn shedding light upon the Scriptures. As pastor of the Second Unitarian Church in Lowell, he was very ardently beloved and respected by his own people—those who knew him best. He left Lowell with prospects of greater usefulness, and happiness. And he has attained them! not indeed as those who loved him hoped, but he has gone to that communion whence he will never be thrust out; to that Savior whom he honored with his whole heart, to that Father who has higher work for him to do in the temple eternal in the heavens.

This, though most unexpected, is no strange working of divine Providence. The bridal hour is often followed closely by the hour of death; and here it was the bridal of the *Church* and our departed brother. The admonition to those who survive in the field of labor is, "Be ye ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh"

For the Register.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

FRANKFORT ON THE MAIN, July 25th, 1847.

DEAR L.—My departure from London was somewhat precipitate and had somewhat the character of a flight. The extreme heat and the discomfort of a great city in midsummer induced me to forego my intention of waiting the abrogation of Parliament and to set my face toward Germany by way of Dover and Ostend.

Dover is one of the most picturesque spots in the world and much more deserving of a visit on its own account than Ems or Wiesbaden and other places which the English visit at so much cost. But fashion which regulates these things has made Dover a mere thoroughfare. "*Il n'y a pas du monde*" is always a fatal objection.

Crowded between the mountains and the sea this little town combines the advantages of both and seems to want nothing but room. But what is lost in space and convenience is gained in picturesque effect. I was told that the view of, and from, what is called "the Shakspeare cliff" has been greatly injured by the railway-works. Enough remains however, to satisfy any reasonable degree of the view hunting sentiment. The change from the stifling breath of the city to the free, pure air of the coast was unspeakably grateful. A fresh breeze from the Atlantic fanned my cheek as I lay in bed, and while I was deliberating whether it were not more prudent to close my window, I fell asleep, lulled by the murmur of the sea.

By ten o'clock the next morning I was in Belgium. Long before we landed I could descry on the strand, what seemed to be a moving village—the little houses upon wheels drawn to and from the water's edge which serve as tiring-rooms to the bathers male and female who disport themselves in these waters. For Ostend is the Newport of Europe and swarms with visitors not only from the Low Countries, but from France, Germany and Russia. The facilities for sea bathing are very great in consequence of the vast stretch of sloping beach which exposed to the summer sun makes the water sufficiently warm to enjoy that luxury in its greatest perfection. The descent is so gradual that one may wade for nearly a mile. An extensive quai or mound, following the curve of the shore has been erected and provided with benches and *cabarets* for those who wish to be spectators rather than actors in the gay scene and to enjoy at their ease the delicious coolness and soothing murmur of the sea.

Before I could join the amphibious company, there was the ordeal of the custom house to be gone through. A few hours had brought a change of government and Belgium, in her turn, must have the gratification of handling my poor wardrobe which, to say truth, she did more rudely than England. However, there was time enough both for bath and dinner before the departure of the next train.

Bruges, Ghent and Mechlin lay in my course, but I made no tarry beyond the halting of the train until I reached Brussels where I spent the night. In travelling through Belgium one has need of all one's French. At the railway stations, at the shops &c. it is taken for granted that every one speaks that language and no other is used or thought of. One soon learnt to make one's self understood, but to understand others—to understand the language as enunciated by Flemish organs, is not so easy. At the hotels however there are usually some one or more of the waiters that understand English. The hotels are generally good, and though more expensive than those of the same class with us, are cheap in comparison with the English.

Brussels is a beautiful city and has been called a miniature Paris, so much do French habits and the French tone prevail there. The houses are mostly built of granite and have a more modern look than any city I have yet seen in Europe. It needed the clean and friendly white of these streets to chase the image of gloomy London from my mind. I committed here the singular enormity—I hope it will be forgiven—of not visiting the field of Waterloo. So unprecedented an omission may seem to require some explanation.

In the first place I felt not the slightest curiosity for the sight, having no interest in battle fields unless dim and glorious with the hoar of ante-Christian ages. Had I gone, it would have been merely to "do" the thing in the humdrum tourist fashion, according to the principle which a fellow passenger across the Atlantic very naively confessed. With the tour of Europe before him, there was nothing that he cared very much to see on its own account; but said he: "when I get back and am asked whether I have seen this or that, I want to be able to say, yes!" I have nothing of that ambition and shall leave many things unseen which the guide books insist on, and which travellers usually consider indispensable. Besides, the weather was intensely hot, the expedition, if one did it up thoroughly, very fatiguing and—what with *voiture* and *commissionaire* &c. &c.—the expense no trifling consideration. Lastly and above all, I must have sacrificed a day, and I preferred spending the time which would have been given to the name of Waterloo, amid the realities of Antwerp—the great monuments of Flemish art, the sinless victories of the easel.

One must visit Antwerp to know Rubens, whose masterpieces constitute the chief glory of that city. The cathedral whose exterior, with its magnificent tower, would alone deserve a pilgrimage; the Church of St. Paul and the gallery or museum are the principal repositories of these treasures; they are open to the public at certain seasons and I was fortunate enough to arrive at the right moment.

The "Elevation of the Cross" in the Cathedral, disappointed me. It is so wretchedly lighted or rather so perplexingly cross lighted that I was not only unable to appreciate its merits, but almost to distinguish its figures. The "Assumption" over the altar was more satisfactory, and on the whole, though I felt it to be inferior to many others, pleased me as well as any which I saw. Perhaps it was the nature of the subject, which precludes everything stern or harrowing. I am a mere eudæmonist in art; when I look at pictures it is solely for enjoyment, and I hate to be disturbed with painful images. The coloring, in which Rubens always excels, is here particularly fine; there is a harmony of figure and a tint which gives one the idea of music made visible. A true apotheosis! The "Descent from the Cross" is said to be an imitation of Volterra. Sir Joshua Reynolds regrets that he had no print of the latter with which to compare it. I have a homely engraving of Volterra's picture which I have often studied. There is certainly a strong resemblance between them, yet not greater perhaps than was to have been expected between two masters handling the same subject—and that subject so limited in its capabilities. Here again the great merit of Rubens' picture is the coloring. The management of the white sheet against the white corpse is said by the critics to be as admirable as it is difficult. The "Scourging" in the Church of St. Paul and the "Crucifixion" in the gallery, are wonderful pictures, but the impression made by such representations is disproportionate to their artistic value, and extrudes the more welcome images of other and nobler creations. In the picture of the crucifixion a soldier is represented in the act of breaking the limbs of one of the thieves who has wrenched one foot from the cross, in his strong agony. The conception is striking, the effect horrible. Then, there were two pictures, one by Vos,—I forget the author of the other—of Herod with Herodias and her daughter receiving John the Baptist's head. The woman gloats with hellish satisfaction over the ghastly object and cannot keep her hands from it—nay, in one of the pictures, her knife,—so intense is the gratification of her revenge. Works of this description, and especially all representations of the sufferings of Christ ought not, it seems to me, to be exhibited together with representations of the beautiful, but to be put in a cabinet by themselves, wrapped up with something of mystery, and seen only under certain conditions, in certain moods. Presented as they now are, in these miscellaneous collections, they are altogether too intrusive, they exercise a cruel fascination which chains one to the spot and interferes with higher claims. Particularly annoying is it, when, in a picture whose subject does not necessitate such representations, some disagreeable object is placed in the foreground and made unhappily prominent. That one figure is sure to engross the attention and to mar the effect of the whole. Some of West's most celebrated pictures offend in this way.

The Sunday was spent in Aachen, better known by its French name of Aix la Chapelle. Here we enter another kingdom, and Prussia has her turn at the luggage. The inquisition, this time, was a mere form; but the officer, it seemed to me, looked wishfully, as if he expected something for his forbearance. It was delightful, after so long an interval to find myself once more on the German soil and to hear and use the German tongue. Aachen had great attraction for me—and I would have gone far out of my way to see it,—as the birth place and burial place of the mighty emperor to whom it owes its fame. Hero, saint, sage and monarch in one—Charlemange is the favorite of history. None more deservedly so, for he belongs to the constructive class of great men. The interest of this high personality is enhanced by its historical position between the new and the old. A son of the morning, the champion of still ascending, still struggling Christendom and its pioneer in heathen Saxony—he shines moreover as the evening star of ancient empire;—amid the dim twilight of the later Cesars, a solitary light in the West, with whose setting the dark ages properly begin.

Full of this great memory I entered the Church founded by himself a thousand years ago, which contains his tomb. A venerable minster, worthy, I was going to say, to be an emperor's mausoleum;—worthy, I should say, its real and higher destination. It was high mass; the music was magnificent. Besides the powerful organ, from twenty to thirty instruments in well trained German hands filled the long aisles "with sounding praise." In the porches and the cloisters there were multitudes of beggars and cripples and all sorts of impotent folk, in every guise of wretchedness, reminding one of a still more ancient temple where people of this description were also used to congregate. It was real misery which here sat and begged. Those deep-sunk eyes and famine-wasted cheeks needed no certificate to back their mute appeal, and no voice to articulate their self-evident necessities. There were forms bent double with age and faces made hideous with malignant disease. Long, skinny hands paused in the telling of beads and extended themselves to claim the *groschen*, which no one who was not hardened by the frequency of such sights could willingly deny. This Church has a large collection of paintings, some of which have considerable interest, but none, I believe, any great reputation in their kind. Representations of the Passion, as usual, in several places, solicited the attention of the passer by: "*O! vos omnes qui transitis per viam, attendite et videte si est dolor similis sicut dolor meus!*"

I searched in every corner for the monument which should indicate the grave of Charlemagne, and at last returned to the nave, resolved to tarry the close of the service and then apply to the sacristan. While I was standing here, listening to the music, I chanced to cast my eye upon the floor and saw close to my feet a deeply graven and freshly gilded C; the rest was hidden by the ample skirts of a poor peasant-wife who was deep in her devotions. I felt a strange flutter at my heart as I guessed the truth. The woman moved forward, and there it was: "CAROLO MAGNO." A broad flag with this inscription and nothing else to distinguish it from the rest of the pavement marked the resting-place, and what for two centuries had been the undisturbed resting-place, of one of the mightiest of the earth. The reverence was unfeigned which I felt for the spot; but that poor woman, I thought with a twinge, who knew nothing of Charlemagne, who perhaps had never heard the name, standing thus unconsciously on his supulchre, absorbed in her devotion, had unwittingly rendered a truer homage than I, who thinking of nothing else, had come peeping and staring with no motive but unsanctified curiosity to this church of his founding.

It is well known that when, at the close of the tenth century, this grave was first opened by the emperor Otho, the hero's form was found uncoffined, sitting upon a throne, with a diadem on his brow, his sword by his side and I believe a copy of the gospels on his knees. The insignia of royalty have been removed to Vienna, but the chair on which he sat remains to the minster at Aachen; it was shown to me in the choir.

Aix la Chapelle has other claims besides its historical interest. It has long been famous for its mineral waters of which the principal ingredient is sulphur, as I judge from the smell. No Spa of them all was once more visited. A trace of its former popularity still remains in the price of living which has not yet subsided with the ebbing stream of fashion. Beautiful for situation, cradled in the bosom of gently sloping mills which rise between the Meuse and the Rhine; founded by some Goth in an unknown age, it was known to the Romans by the name of *Aquisgranum*. One of the towers of the *Rathhaus* is said to be of Roman workmanship to which the rest was made to correspond; the rest is by Charlemagne. Here is the ancient banqueting hall where the emperors feasted after the coronation. A covered walk and stair case once formed a communication between it and the minster; this they are now restoring. Of the minster a part is by Charlemagne, but the choir is later and more splendid. It dates, I believe, from the 14th century. But I will not pester you with details which may be found in the books. I wish only to give my own impressions and experiences. When and from what point I shall write you again, it is impossible for me now to determine. My progress, for the most part, will be too rapid for letter writing, but I hope if possible to mail something at Dresden or Vienna. Meanwhile, wherever I drag the "lengthening chain," know me, with "heart untravelled," and most affectionately, yours.

F. H. H.

For the Register.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

THE N. Y. OBSERVER VS. "CRITO AND HIS BOSTON ALLIES."

NEW YORK, Aug. 24, 1847.

I have never indulged the wish or the expectation that my letters to the Register should escape censure in certain quarters; but I did hope that if assailed it might be by an antagonist capable of throwing light rather than dirt upon the questions at issue—one with whom I might grapple without offending against the apostles' advice to avoid those evil communications which corrupt good manners. The N. Y. Observer is not the opponent I would have selected as fulfilling these conditions; and I have gravely doubted the propriety of noticing a print whose unchristian temper and disregard of the decencies of controversy are so notorious and so incorrigible.

I cannot but feel surprised that the Observer should feel such a vehement desire to conflict with me, since its opinion of Crito is exceedingly like Crito's opinion of the Observer. It says Crito is a person entitled to no consideration, no respect or confidence. Why then does the Observer bestow column after column of consideration upon him? It says the most of Crito's letters "are remarkable for an imbecility that renders their malignity pitiable." Why then continue from week to week to rail at Crito, and expend so much time and labor in trying to put him down? The Observer seems to think the continuance of these letters will greatly injure Unitarianism and help Orthodoxy. Why then manifest so much disquietude at the continuance of the means of such a blessed result?

Touching the "imbecility" which the Observer discovers in most of these letters, I desire with becoming humility to confess, that as an expression of hatred to the system of Calvinism, my language has been weak indeed compared with what should be the utterance of every honest and benevolent mind in view of that most mischievous and abominable thing which the Observer calls Orthodoxy. God forgive me for ever thinking lightly or speaking tamely of a system which blights and blasts wherever it alights, which dishonors a kind and good God, blinds and binds the human intellect and withers the human heart and makes it dry as summer dust. I own the impeachment—I confess with sorrow the utter inadequacy of anything I have ever written to portray the hideous hatefulness, the acrid, blistering malignity of so called Orthodoxy. I will endeavor to do better in time to come.

But if *my* exhibition of the malignity of Orthodoxy has been imbecile, the Observer's has not!! The most powerful exhibition of that quality I remember to have seen lately, is found in the last article of that journal on the letters and person of Crito. I will quote but one sentence out of many like tempered: "There is no law to punish him (Crito) here," says the amiable and pious journal! What a pity, nay, what a wrong, that mild, meek-faced Orthodoxy is not allowed to supply the deficiency in the laws "here," and enact and administer a system of pains and penalties for those wicked people who speak and write against Orthodoxy. And what law and what penalty would suit the meek temper of the Observer? Let him answer:

"The prison," he modestly suggests, "the prison would be Crito's place if he stole a purse, but stealing a purse would be a virtue compared to the crime against society which he and his Boston allies perpetrate in their weekly assaults of the Orthodox." Look at that, gentle reader; consider its import, ye who have imagined that the argument by bolts and chains and flames would no longer be employed if opportunity were given.

And here let me beg the reader to notice how completely I am justified out of the Observer's own mouth in regard to a remark of mine which that journal quotes as evidence of slander. Speaking of the moral tendency of orthodoxy, I said "I think the moral sense of a people instructed as they (the Brick Church people) have been, might be more tolerant of a bad life than of an anti-Calvinistic sentiment. Now hear the Observer; "Stealing a purse would be a virtue compared to the crime against society which Crito and his Boston allies perpetrate in their weekly assaults of the Orthodox." That is, robbing and purse stealing is virtue itself compared with the crime of speaking against Calvinism! Verily, that is "going it," stronger than I thought of doing. I modestly *thought* people under Orthodox preaching *might* be more tolerant, &c. That, says the Observer, is slander. And then in the very same column and article this same Observer declares that purse-stealing is virtuous compared with the crime of speaking against Orthodox people. So then, the Observer being judge, Orthodoxy is far worse than my representation made it.

While on the subject of *slander*, I dare not neglect the Scripture requirement not to suffer sin upon my neighbor; and therefore most earnestly entreat the Observer to examine and correct its practice in respect to this vice. I do not now refer to any of its sins against me, but to its general habit towards those it dislikes. The N. Y. Tribune of this morning justly remarkes that it has convicted the Observer repeatedly of gross and wilful violations of the ninth commandment. That it has been thus convicted is notoriously true in this community; and it becomes the Observer to consider that as a professedly religious press it has a great and solemn responsibility to meet, and that its character and usefulness cannot long survive the rude and frequent shocks to which the Tribune refers. In the No. of the Observer which contains its last attack upon Crito, there are several slanderous assertions and insinuations, which would trouble any conscience in a healthy and wakeful condition, and seldom is that sheet free from similar offences,—offences the more likely to be noticed because it is so prone to charge that sin upon others.

I must say too, that if the Observer would be more sparing of coarse, ill-tempered personal abuse, and less sparing of argument, I am persuaded it would answer a better purpose. In the present state of public sentiment, the habit of piling opprobrious epithets upon those who oppose Orthodox pretensions, is apt to recoil with killing force, and people see for themselves the essential and incurable malignity which deals forth damnation so abundantly. If at some future time I shall think it worth while to enlarge upon the dreadfully bitter, denunciatory, malicious, hateful and hating spirit of Orthodoxy towards all those who dare dissent from it, I would ask no richer material than the infinite Billingsgate that floats amid the foam and froth and fog of a volume of the N. Y. Observer.

And in conclusion let me request of the Observer as a personal favor, which it may render, if it please, on the principle of returning good for evil, that it will strive in any future notice it may take of my poor labors, to enlighten me wherein I err, and to reclaim me wherein I stray. This common cursing can be had anywhere in the tavern and the street, and everywhere I despise it; whereas a little light dispersed through the channel of a press consecrated to the genius and service of Christianity, might come with saving power to my heart. Who can tell?

And to this end, will not the Observer oblige by answering some queries which I proposed so long since as last June, and which remain unanswered, though I presume not unnoticed, till now. And will it also reply to the inquiries in the letter which is the subject of its last comment? Will it say whether there was anything in my treatment of Dr. Spring and his preaching worse than the treatment which Unitarian ministers have been accustomed to receive from their Orthodox critics! &c. &c.

Truly Yours, CRITO.

For the Register.

A WORD OF ADVICE TO THE YOUNG.

The habit often formed when quite young, by mere children sometimes, of *day-dreaming castle building* will be found to have a very bad effect upon them, when in the course of a few years they become young men and young women entering upon the field of labor open before them, and ready to take an active part in the busy world we live in.

Like all other habits good or bad, the more it is indulged in the stronger it grows, until at last it becomes the master instead of the slave of our will.

With what heart can that young man go about the every-day affairs of life, the common duties of by far the largest part of the community, the labors of the day in the store, on the farm, in the workshop, &c., if his mind has been occupied with some ideal splendor, some hope of a sudden fortune, the death of some *unknown uncle* perhaps, or some other equally improbable and reasonable expectation by which he is to be made RICH.

I know indeed that in the cheap publications which hang in the windows of the book stores; excuse me, I should say "*Depots*," all due encouragement is given to young ladies and gentlemen to give up all useful occupations and become walking advertisements for their dressers, or tailors

But to speak soberly—those that have charge of children cannot take too much care to prevent the habit, I speak of, being formed. It is the destruction of all industry, all habits of good order, and, unless overcome by great effort, of the life of much *real* success in life.

I would not have the reader think I discourage the bright hopes of life so often taken by children—far from it—it is right, it is nature. What I would have them beware of is the unnatural and foolish habit of longing for vague and undefined riches and honors, to the neglect of duties and the ruin of their own peace of mind and happiness. E.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"THE IMPORTANCE OF OPINIONS," by Andrew P. Peabody—printed from the Monthly Religious Magazine, for the Unitarian Book and Tract Society." This tract sets forth its subject in a clear light, and with happy and impressive illustrations. We trust it will be eagerly sought and widely circulated.

"THE MINISTER AND THE AGE. A sermon preached at the ordination of Rev. Frederick R. Marvell, by Rev. Rufus P. Stebbins, of Meadville, Penn." A vigorous, plain-spoken, rousing discourse. The following extracts illustrate its tone and scope:—

"I fear that among our own clergy there is a tendency to more anxiety about prettiness of expression, than profoundness of thought; that the love of refinement *is more sought*, than the love of truth; that there is more fear that the purity of the pulpit will suffer, than that souls will be lost; that there is more desire of avoiding the soiling our clerical robes, than of cleansing the moral pollution of society; that we are more disposed to honor our predecessors by burying their monuments, than entering into their labors; that a settlement in the ministry is becoming desirable, as affording opportunity to collect our æsthetics, rather than to save souls. Let the man who is about taking upon himself the office of a minister bear these things in mind, and watch against them as for his life. Let him examine the church and state, and discover what is formal, and what is real. This formal-hating minister must make reality. He must breathe life into this beautiful, yet dead body. Let him not give any occasion for the remark that the pulpit is not earnest, practical in its teachings. Let him remember that he must speak truth and goodness above form and church authority. He must not hesitate to point out the inconsistencies and sins of the church. Better is it that the ministry should expose its own short comings, than be cauterized by the searching unbeliever, or thoughtless worldling. So he must be bold to point out our social sins. He must not shrink from showing the people their transgressions. He must apply the Gospel to the national heart. He must not cry Peace, peace, when there is no peace. He must not permit men, under the form of godliness and with great pretensions to justice, to trample under foot all right and justice. He must grapple with the great practical questions of the age, and enforce upon men, with earnestness and plainness, the duties which they owe to each other. * * * * *

"To the work then, my brother, which the Master requires of you. Honor the self-denying labors of those faithful servants of God who have gone to their reward, by imitating their zeal in your own untiring industry, your own uncompromising principles. Do not permit yourself to be sold to apologize for the *sins* of the people, any more than they could be bribed to advocate their *opinions*. They suffered nobly for theology, and their crowns are bright in heaven. Suffer thou nobly for *morality*, and thou shalt receive one equally lustrous."

"HEREDITARY DEPRAVITY, (the condition of sin,) involving no personal guilt. A sermon preached at Sherburne, June 6, 1847. By John Stone, pastor." Mr. S. distinguishes between *depravity* and *sin*. Perhaps *pravity* would have been a better word.—The sentiment of the discourse is that "the first Adam individualizes in the first Adam generic." "In the first Adam all the race exist." "The fall is a continuation of the life of a parent." "Sinless is the *soul* of the present generation by emanation of the same parent stock." "The same root throws the same virus, the same poison into all its branches, and we as scions of the *same parent stock*, are evil from the moral constitution of the mind." "But if man is constitutionally depraved, who is to blame for this condition, No one. There is no personal guilt." Our guilt is "that we *voluntarily remain* there." We could not but after all put the question, If man remain there, why is he to blame for it! We do not see that Mr. S. has satisfactorily answered *that* question. However, the sermon is vigorously put; and though we differ from Mr. S. in the philosophy of the case, we think his discourse serves to awaken thought, and at its close impresses the heart.

4. The Daguerrotype, Nos. 1 and 2. A Magazine of Foreign Literature and Science selected chiefly from the periodical publications of England, France and Germany. The work has recommendations from Pres. Everett, Prof. Stuart, Bishop Eastburn, Charles Sumner Esq., and Prof. Felton. It is very neatly executed.

5. Chambers' Miscellany, No. 1,—republished by Gould, Kendall & Lincoln for 25 cents a No. We do not see but that the American reprint looks as well as the English. Among its contents, is the Life of Louis Phillipe.

6. Essay on the Generative Principle of Political Constitutions. Translated from the French of De Maistre, author of Evenings at St Petersburgh. Published by Little & Brown.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 172. Old and yet always new.

OBITUARY.

REV. MR. NILES.

By the death of this much lamented individual, another bright spirit is added to the list of our clergymen who have recently been called to the heavenly world. In consequence of the peculiar modesty of his character, Mr. Niles had not, at the time of his death, become very generally known to the denomination, for embracing whose views he had endured so much of obloquy and persecution. He came to our little society in its early days, determined to do his Father's work, not daunted by obstacles, nor discouraged by tardy success; and in his *whole* walk before his people, he proved himself indeed a "man of God." At our homes, the gentleness and christian courtesy of his manners ever won him a glad welcome; and as we talked with him of the "deep things of God," we felt that to him they were not merely a repository of themes for pulpit-declamations but that they lay very near his heart as living principles, sanctifying his own life as well as guiding his flock "in the way of salvation." The closer intimacy which some of us enjoyed in his family proved that *there* he was no less truly a christian than elsewhere. His devotion to duty was exemplary. However he might be engrossed in any engagement connected with his Sabbath exercises, he would cheerfully lay aside his pen and listen earnestly to the wants or woes of his people; and often have I known him to give hours of active service to promote their welfare or enjoyment, which must be made up from the time allotted to sleep. For his preparation for the desk was never neglected or hastily made. His sermons were of a high order, evincing abundant intellectual resources and the richest cultivation. But above all this, they exhibited a spirit which had drunk deeply at the fountains of Christian truth, and a heart which bled for the sufferings and sins of men. He never "shunned to declare the whole counsel of God," *or to rebuke sin* in any of its forms. When we listened to his earnest appeals in behalf of humanity and the claims of our own souls, we felt that they *must* not, *could* not be resisted.—But it has pleased our heavenly Father to seal these lips in the silence of death, and to remove our much-loved pastor to a higher and holier field of duty. May God grant that his labors among us may not have been altogether vain. May the good seed which he here sowed in such rich abundance "spring up unto everlasting life."

With the society to whom he was given so short a time before his departure, we deeply sympathize, for we know better than they *can* know, how much they have lost. It must indeed be a great affliction to be so suddenly deprived of a friend who had already bound himself so strongly to their affections, and whose lessons from the pulpit had so deeply impressed their hearts.

But *most* sincerely do we grieve for the family who, by this dispensation of God's providence, are called to part with their staff in this earthly pilgrimage. Such a loss can be appreciated only by those who have passed through a similar "furnace of affliction." But we find comfort in the thought that God has promised to be the "Father of the fatherless and the widow's God," and to Him would we entrust them in the assurance that "He will never leave nor forsake them." J. M. P.

Lowell, August 23.

RELIGIOUS SUMMARY.

EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE. The plan of the "Evangelical Alliance" adopted at the great meeting in London, does not appear to give general satisfaction, even to the Evangelical party themselves. A distinguished minister in London, in a late letter, alludes to the grounds taken on the subject of Slavery and says: "I regret that the Alliance has ever entertained the question; and I agree with your general views, that it would be better to have an Alliance for promoting the cause of religious truth and freedom all over the world. It will, I think, come to this. Our present plan will not receive general confidence."

An Alliance "for promoting the cause of *religious truth* and *freedom* all over the world," would be a very different thing from the London Alliance, which seems to have been, chiefly, an Alliance against religious freedom, and the free and independent discussion of doctrines and search of truth.

We are told that in France, there has been a branch organization of the Alliance. A movement for Christian Union is known to have been made in that country some years since. It appears to have originated in the city of Lyons.

A COADJUTOR OF RONGE. A disciple of Ronge, Rev. Mr. Dowait, arrived at New York, recently, from Germany. We learn, from the New York Evangelist, that he opened a mission to the German Catholics of that city, on Friday evening of last week, at the Broadway Tabernacle. The subject announced was Free Catholicism. It is said that the "announcements made respecting Mr. Dowait, and the interest felt among the German population on the subject, have created a great anxiety to hear him."

SWEDISH IMMIGRANTS, to the number of 400, lately arrived at Chicago, on their way to Henry Co., Ill., where 500 of their countrymen located themselves a year ago. The community, about 1100, have purchased nearly the whole of Henry county, and hold their property in common. They are linen manufacturers, and are preparing to seed their rich soil with flax-seed, which they have brought with them. Their religion is a modification of Lutheranism, rejecting, however, the forms and ceremonies of that church, acknowledging no spiritual guide but the Bible, and no spiritual authority but God's.

RUSSIAN RELIGIONS. Dr. Baird estimates that there are 46,000,000 of people in Russia, who are (nominally, at least,) of the Greek church; 5,000,000 Roman Catholics, chiefly in Poland; 3,000,000 Protestants; 1,800,000 Jews; 1,000,000 Armenians; 4,500,000 Mohammedans; and 3,500,000 Pagans.

GERMAN REFORMED CHURCH. The German Reformed Church in the United States, according to the Christian Witness, has only 230 ministers, 74 officiating exclusively in the German language, 66 exclusively in the English, and 95 in both German and English, for 800 organized congregations. Ministers, therefore, who can officiate in both of these languages are greatly needed to supply this demand for pastors, besides the urgent calls for Missionary labor by the immigrant German population. There are about 8000 persons in communion with the church.

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN TURKEY. The Missionary Herald says:

"The Protestants of Hasbeya, (a mountain village in Syria, where they had suffered much from the intolerance of the Armenian ecclesiastics,) some time since sent one of their number to Constantinople, with an interpreter, to lay their trials and grievances before the Sublime Porte. After presenting a statement of their case, the agent was informed, in due time, that the business had been attended to, and that the Pasha of that district had been instructed to protect the Protestant portion of the community. No paper was given to him; but the Hon. Mr. Wellesley, the English Ambassador at Constantinople, has a copy of the document which has been sent to Syria; and he says that it is very satisfactory.

SECULAR SUMMARY.

COMMENCEMENT AT CAMBRIDGE. The annual commencement exercises at Harvard University took place on Wednesday, the 25th inst. The company assembled was unusually large. Gov. Briggs, Vice Gov. Reed, Counsellors and Senators of the commonwealth, the clergy and many friends of the Institution, Gentlemen and Ladies graced the occasion with their presence.

The exercises were conducted in the usual manner. In regard to the performances we would say, in brief, that they were highly satisfactory to the friends of the Graduating Class, both as to the ability and scholarship of the young men, and the style of their elocution, in both, which respects they did credit to themselves and the Institution.

The degree of A. B. was conferred on sixty one young gentlemen. We regret that we have not room for the full order of exercises.

The following further account of proceedings we quote from the Boston Daily Advertiser.

"The degrees of 'A. M.' 'M. D.' and 'LL. D.' were then bestowed, by like authority, upon quite a number of gentlemen whose names we are not able to give to-day. Several 'A. M.' degrees were granted out of course.

The following honorary degrees were then granted:

Messrs. Evangelinus A. Sophocles and Henry Warren Torrey, tutors in the University; Eben Norton Horsford, Rumford Professor; and Rev. Frederic T. Gray, were made Master of Arts.

Doctors of Divinity—Rev. Samuel Barrett, of Boston; Rev. Emerson Davis, of Westfield; Rev. William H. Furness, of Philadelphia; and Rev. Theodore Woolsey, President of Yale College, were made Doctors of Divinity.

Doctor of Laws.—Edward Tyrrell Channing, Esq., Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory; Hon. William Kent, Dane Professor at Law; Hon. Peleg Sprague, Judge of the U. S. District Court; Hon. John Taylor Lomax, of Virginia; Hon. John Banister Gibson, Chief Justice, of Pennsylvania; Henry Holland, Esq. M. D., London; and Judge Timothy Farrar, of Hollis, N. H., formerly Judge of the Supreme Court of the State, aged 100 years, the oldest graduate, were made Doctors of Law.

After these interesting ceremonies the collegiate procession was re-formed at Gore Hall, and moved to the picture gallery in Harvard Hall, to dinner. The dinner was despatched with the usual quietness and rapidity, and its termination was marked by the singing of the 78th Psalm, led—*O Sic Semper!*—by the venerable Dr. Pierce.

President Everett then directed attention to some interesting pieces of silver plate, the property of the University, given to it in its early days and still preserved, and gave a brief account of these relics and their donors. He afterwards paid a feeling and happy tribute to the benefactor of the University, who has made so handsome a gift to it during the past year—the Hon. Abbott Lawrence—and announced that the Corporation had that day, by a vote which he doubted not would be confirmed by the board of Overseers, voted to give to the new branch of the University the title of "The Lawrence School of Scientific instruction." The president paid an eloquent and deserved tribute to the liberality of the founder of this New School, which was heartily appreciated and responded to."

We understand that about sixty-five candidates were, on examination, admitted to the University yesterday.

SLAVERY IN THE U. S. TERRITORIES. The New York Evening Post, one of the most influential Democratic papers in New York, notices and very satisfactorily refutes an argument recently put forth in the Charleston Mercury (S. C.,) against the principle involved in the Wilmot Proviso, so-called, in regard to the admission of Slavery into new territories of the United States.

The Boston Daily Advertiser referring to the article in the N. Y. Post says,—"it recognises and advocates a feeling common with almost every Northern man, that, under the power to make "needful" rules and regulations for the organization of new territories of the United States, Congress have the power—and should exert it—to declare that such territories should be *free* and not *slave* territories."

Under the title, "*Constitutionality of the Wilmot Proviso*," the Evening Post proceeds to say:—

"It is denied at the south that any prohibition of slavery in the territories of the United States is constitutional. Mr. Jefferson and the eminent democrats of Virginia did not understand the first principles of liberty when they insisted that the broad and fertile region between the Ohio and the Mississippi, on passing into the possession of the federal government, should be closed against the introduction of the institution of slavery. A new light has broken upon the world since that day, and it is now discovered that the constitution was violated by their famous ordinance of 1787, afterwards sanctioned by Congress in 1789.

The Charleston Mercury has an article in which the power of Congress to prohibit slavery in the territories of the United States is elaborately controverted. As it examines the question calmly and not without ability, its argument deserves notice. The following is that part of the constitution which gives Congress power over the territories and other property of the United States; it is found in the fourth article of that Instrument:

"The Congress shall have power to dispose of and make all *needful rules* and *regulations* respecting the territory of other property belonging to the United States, and nothing in this constitution shall be construed as to prejudice any claims of the United States, or of any particular state."

The Wilmot Proviso, copying the words of the ordinance of 1787, declares:

"That there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in any territory on the continent of America, which shall hereafter be acquired by, or annexed to, the United States."

The Post here introduces the substance of the argument of the Charleston print. We have not room for it in full, and must give it in a condensed form. The argument is, that those "rules and regulations" only are needful which affect the well-being of the territories, and prepare them for admission as States;—that the exclusion of Slavery is not indispensably requisite to the good order of the government in the territories, nor needful for the people of the territories, and that, hence that Congress exceeds its power in prohibiting it. This idea the Mercury endeavors to enforce by referring to the quiet and order that provails in the Slaveholding States, while the Northern cities are spoken of as disgraced by riots, &c. And to settle the question, the writer in the Mercury makes the following appeal.

"Are the citizens of the slaveholding states less intelligent—less virtuous—less religious—than those of the non-slaveholding states? We let the citizens of the non-slaveholding states answer. And if then the existence of slavery does not induce domestic disquiet nor public disorder—nor impede the diffusion of knowledge, nor the advance of religion—if in no way it affects the conduct or character of those with whom it exists, so as to unfit them for the discharge of their duties as men and citizens—then we would like to know how it is that its prohibition is "needful," or "indispensably requisite."

In refutation of all this the Evening Post proceeds to say:—

"We do not design to follow the Charleston Mercury in its comparison of the degree of intelligence and good order which exists at the north and the south. There are many things in the picture on which that journal has not touched, and which are necessary to make the comparison perfect. It has left out of its consideration the white laborers, the poor white men of the south, whose occupation the institution of slavery degrades, whom it dooms to poverty and ignorance and subjects to the contempt of the slaves themselves. We are satisfied, for our part with the condition of the free States in this respect, and hold that the regulations which would extend it to the new territories are "needful," "necessary," "indispensably requisite" to their welfare, and that their enactment is binding upon the consciences of those who represent the States in Congress.

In the argument thus far, we have proceeded as if the word "needful" in this provision of the constitution properly bore all the strength of meaning which the Mercury gives it. But the context should be taken into consideration. The constitution in the quotation already made, says that "Congress shall have the power to make all the needful rules and regulations respecting the *territory or other property* belonging to the United States." Here it will be seen that the power of making regulations concerning the territories and the other property of the United States is the same. The same extent of authority which Congress has in disposing of its property, its public lands for example, it has also, in legislating for the territories. It could not have been intended to restrict this power by any other limits than a sound discretion. Whatever regulations are judicious and salutary in the opinion of Congress, are proper for it to make both in regard to the territories and the other property belonging to the United States. If it sells an old frigate, it is not for a southern constructionist to start up and say that the sale was not indispensable, it is enough that it was prudent and proper. If it makes a set of regulations regarding the sale of public lands, it is no valid objection to any one of them that it could possibly have been dispensed with; the only question is whether it is beneficial. In short, the disposal of the public property and the regulation of the territories has been referred altogether to the discretion of Congress, with no other limitation than that it should not do anything needless or trivial, of which, however, it is constituted the sole judge.

Again the Charleston print restricts the application of the term "needful to the territories only. For this narrowing of its meaning there is no authority. Congress has a right to make such regulations for the territories as are needful for the well being of the United States at large. What is necessary for us as well as them, what is for the good, the dignity, the present and future welfare of the confederation of States in their united or their separate capacity, is to be considered in making regulations for the territories. If the prohibition of slavery in the territories is considered by Congress to be needful in these respects, it has the authority of the constitution to ordain in.

We thus find the case made out by the Charleston Mercury, the feebler and the less plausible, the more clearly we analyze it. We might pursue the subject farther, but we believe we have said enough to show that it is entirely without any solid foundation, and that it can only be supported by a very superficial interpretation of the constitution.

GAITER, THE SWEDISH HISTORIAN. This eminent author, who has been for thirty-seven years past a Professor in the University of Upsala, died on the 23d of April last, at the age of sixty-four. His most important work is a History of Sweden. He held a high rank for talents and learning, among the literati of Europe.

SEVEN THOUSAND MILES OF TELEGRAPH. We copy from the New York Herald the annexed account of the various telegraphic lines completed or about to be constructed within our Union:

At the present time there are upwards of seven thousand miles of telegraph in operation and in the course of construction in the United States and Canada. Lines have recently been constructed, extending from Portland in the State of Maine, to Fredericksburg in Virginia, and in a week or two, it will be in operation as far as Richmond. At the West, there is a line in operation to Wheeling, and in a very short time it will extend to Cincinnati, in the State of Ohio. In the month of August, there will be a line completed between Mobile and New Orleans, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles. When that line shall have been completed, we will be within three or four days of the latter city, by means of the telegraph and our Southern overland express, and will receive news from there four days in advance of the mail. A line between Portland and Halifax, is about to be constructed, and will be finished probably in another year, or less, by which the quotations of the foreign markets can be made known throughout the whole country in a few minutes after the arrival of the English Cunard steamships; and which will bring New York, Boston, and the extreme West and South, within nine or ten days of England.

With magnetism on the land and steam on the ocean, we have the fact before us that within a few years the world has made a prodigous stride in civilization and science. The earth and the heavens themselves have been made subservient to man's purposes; and if the United States be individually more benefited by it, we have the proud consolation that it is to the ingenuity and intellect, of her own sons that she is indebted.

CAPTURE OF A SLAVER, WITH MORE THAN FIVE HUNDRED SLAVES ON BOARD. Capt. Clarkson, of the ship Woodside, from Canton, learned at St. Helena, the H. B. M. brig Waterwitch on the 12th of June last, 100 miles W. S. W. from Ainkie, captured an American built brig, having "Bentah of Portland," painted in large white letters on her stern. No colors or papers on board. On the log slate was written Capt. Forsyth. The crew were all Brazilians. She had on board 508 live and 2 dead slaves. She was sent to Sierra Leone for adjudication. The Bentah was 8 days out from the coast, between Congo river and Aubusella. [Jour. Com.

PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION. A Mechanics' Institute has been recently established in Constantinople, through the influence of American and English enterprise. A Mr. Hague, who has the direction of an iron foundry at a village on the coast of Marmora, presided at this assembly, and a Mr. Phillips, who has the management of a new cotton factory in the same place, acted as secretary. Fifty English, belonging to these manufactories, attended as members of the society. There were also Armenian members present, and some Americans, among whom was Dr. Davis, who is director of a model farm for the Sultan, of four thousand acres extent, in the neighborhood. Three pachas have already put their names down as honorary members of the institute.

CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY IN DENNIS. Rev. L. Maynard, late of Needham, has received and accepted an invitation to officiate for the year to come, as minister of the First Congregational Society in Dennis, in this State.

LIBERAL PREACHER.

The publication of the four last Nos. of this work, viz., the Nos. for Sept. Oct. Nov. and Dec. 1836, was long delayed, for reasons not necessary here to explain. Those Nos. were long since advertised as ready for subscribers. Some have called for them,—but some yet remain on hand, whose subscription for the last volume of the work is already paid. They are invited to call for them, or to leave their present address and they shall be forwarded. As these Nos. are necessary to complete the set, it must be desirable with subscribers who value the work to receive them before sending the Vols. to be bound.

The bills for the last year, of some subscribers, are still unsettled. They are respectfully invited to forward the amount, and receive their Nos.

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UNITARIAN ADVOCATE.

Complete sets of the Unitarian Advocate may be obtained at the Office of the Christian Register.

☞ Odd numbers of the same work supplied.

REMOVAL.

☞ The office of the Christian Register is removed to No. 22 School Street, to the building called "Harding's gallery."

☞ THE MIDDLESEX NORTH ASSOCIATION will hold their next meeting at Rev Mr Bates's, in Stow, on Wednesday, Sept 1st, at 10 o'clock, A.M.
aug28 JOS. C. SMITH, Scribe.

☞ NOTICE. The gentleman who borrowed the Eighth Volume of Wesley's Works, from the Office of the Christian Register, is requested to return it.

☞ The same request is made respecting the *First* Volume of The "Modern Traveller."

☞ The same request is also made respecting the *First* "Volume of "Tucker's Light of Nature."

☞ The Ladies of East Needham, constituting a Social Benevolent Society, feeling that they have not sufficient calls upon their time, within the limits of their own town, desire to do something to relieve the destitute of the City. If any Societies or individuals will furnish them with cloth—or work—in any shape, they will consider it a favor, and be prompt in attending to it. All bundles may be sent to the store of S. G. SIMPKINS, 96 Washington street, directed to the subscriber.

CAROLINE W. H. DALL, Cor. Sec'ry.
E. Needham, Aug 2, 1847. 3wis aug7

☞ AUTUMNAL CONVENTION OF UNITARIANS. The next Convention will be held in Salem, to commence on Tuesday, Oct 19. The undersigned, appointed at the last Convention to make the necessary arrangements for the next, give this early notice to the Churches of our denomination, and would urge them to accept the kind invitation which has been tendered them by our brethren of Salem.

SAML. OSGOOD,
ALONZO HILL,
JAMES F. CLARKE,
ALBERT FEARING,
HENRY P. FAIRBANKS,
Committee of Arrangements.

jy24

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. J. Fisher, Mr. William Watson of Brookline, to Miss Jane Kenedy, of Boston, late of Belfast, Ireland.

24th inst, by Rev. Mr Banvard, Mr Francis W. Wade to Miss Charlotte A. Wood.

By Rev. Mr Streeter, Mr William T. Tindall to Miss Mary E. Collins; Capt. Joseph Ryder to Miss Melinda Bartol.

19th inst, by Rev. Phineas Stow, Mr Edmund Jones to Miss Rachel Leary; Mr John Stover to Miss Julia Flaherty; 24th inst, Mr William Green to Miss Mary Adams.

In Roxbury, in St. James Church, 24th inst, by Rev. T. M. Clark, of Trinity Church, Boston, Rev. Daniel C. Mallett, of New York, to Miss Lucy Maria Holbrook, of Boston.

In Salem, 19th inst, by Rev. Mr Thompson, Mr John A. Heath, of New Orleans, to S. Augusta, daughter of Jacob Putnam, Esq., of S.

In Nashua, N. H., by Rev. Mr Rider, Mr Thomas W. Cary, of Boston, to Miss Caroline W. Parker, of N.

In Londonderry, N. H., Mr Joseph Hapgood, of Dorchester, to Miss Almira J. Holmes, daughter of Matthew Holmes, of L.

In Framingham, 20th inst, by Rev. Mr Train, Mr Charles B. Wilson, of Boston, to Miss Sarah D. Turner of F.

In Needham, 24th inst, by Rev. Mr Dall, John C. Hoadly, Esq., of Lancaster, to Miss Charlotte S., daughter of the Rev. Daniel Kimball.

In Lowell, 17th inst, by Rev. Mr Hanks, Mr Edward W. Clary, of Boston, to Miss Charlotte Russell, of L.

In Newbury, 18th inst, Mr John A. Hovie of Roxbury, to Miss Elizabeth Curson of Newbury.

In Danvers, by Rev. Mr Field, Mr Leonard Pratt, of this city, to Miss Rebecca, daughter of the late Deacon Fitch Poole, of D.

In Stonington, 12th inst, Mr James Allen, of Providence, to Miss Sarah E. Blanchard, of Cambridge.

In New York, 15th inst, by Rev. Mr Chase, Mr Samuel Pearson, of Newburyport, to Miss Lucy D. G. Morse, of East Cambridge.

DEATHS.

In this city, of typhus fever, Miss Charlotte, daughter of Mr George Titcomb, 17.

22d inst, Sophronia Thayer, daughter of Benjamin and Sarah Ann Remick, 6 mos.

On Sunday, George James Sprague, Esq., 54.

21st inst, Miss Eliza Ingalls, 41.

21st inst, (at residence of her son-in-law, Henry Wood) Mrs Beulah Griggs, 90.

On Sunday evening, Isabel, youngest child of V. H. Hewes, 4 yrs. 9 mos.

In South Boston, 25th inst, Edith Clementina Parker, 8th inst, of dysentery, John Francis, son of Rev John A. Vinton, formerly of Chatham, 11 yrs.

In Roxbury, 23d inst, John Stone, only son of Jacob H. and Julia Hathorne, 17 mos.

In Somerville, 21st inst, Mary Frances, daughter of Dr L. V. Bell, 10 yrs.

In Chelsea, of typhus fever, Mrs Dorothy, wife of Wm. Whiston, of Halifax, N. S., 46.

On Tuesday evening, Henry L., only son of A. M., Brigham, of Westboro', 19.

In Hubbardston, Aug. 2d, Henry Stillman, son of Stillman and Augusta Morse, 17 months.

In Fitchburgh, 21st inst, after a short illness, Abigail, wife of Alvah Crocker, Esq., 37.

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On Wednesday, September 1st, will be published
THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER AND RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY. NO. CXLIII., for September, 1847.

CONTENTS.

Art. I. John Calvin.
II. Relation of Liberal Christianity to our Age and Country.
III. Millard's Travels.
IV. Noyes's Translation of the Psalms.
V. Study of Ornithology.
VI. Moral Wrong of Slavery.
VII. The Late Thomas Gray, D. D.
VIII. Prescott's Conquest of Peru.
IX. Rev. W. B. O. Peabody, D. D.
X. The Catacombs of the Church of Rome.
XI. Note to Article IV.
XII. Notices of Recent Publications.
Intelligence.

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WESTFORD ACADEMY. The next term of this School will commence, Wednesday, Sept. 1, under the charge of WILLIAM CUSHING.
Westford, Aug. 14, 1847. 3t

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF FENELON, with a Memoir of His Life by Mrs. Follen, 5th edit.on; with an introductory chapter by W. E. Channing, DD., and a likeness of Fenelon from the original picture by Vivian. Published and for sale in plain and extra bindings at SIMPKINS'S Book and Stationery Store, 94 Washington street aug14

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CONTENTS OF PART I.

To be issued early in August.

The Playmate's Address, by the Editor. With a picture by Edward Wehnert.
Traditional Ballads. Edited by Felix Summerly. Valentine and Ursine. With two Pictures by Henry Warren.
The Hermit: a Tale. Illustrated by a Dresden Artist.
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The Month of May, by Mary Roberts. With a Large Etching by John Absolon.

The following Parts will contain

POETRY.

THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

A FREE PARAPHRASE OF THE GERMAN.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

To weary hearts, to mourning homes,
God's meekest Angel comes;
No power has he to banish pain,
Or give us back our lost again,
And yet, in tenderest love, our dear
And heavenly Father sends him here.

There's quiet in that Angel's glance,
There's rest in his still countenance:
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear;
But ills and woes he may not cure,
He kindly learns us to endure.

Angel of Patience! sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling balm;
To lay the storms of hope and fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear;
The throbs of wounded pride to still,
And make our own our Father's will.

O, thou who mournest on thy way,
With longings for the close of day,
He walks with thee, that Angel kind,
And gently whispers, "Be resigned;
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell
The dear Lord ordereth all things well!"

GENTLE WORDS.

[The following lines are from Morris & Willis's Home Journal. We are not told who wrote them.]

A young rose in summer time
Is beautiful to me,
And glorious are the many stars
That glimmer on the sea;
But gentle words and loving hearts,
And hands to clasp my own,
Are better than the finest flowers,
Or stars that ever shone.

The sun may warm the grass to life,
The dew the drooping flower,
And eyes grow bright, and watch the light
Of Autumn's opening hour.
But words that breathe of tenderness
And smiles we know are true,
Are warmer than the summer time,
And lighter than the dew.

It is not much the world can give,
With all its subtle art,
And gold and gems are not the things
To satisfy the heart;
But, oh, if those who cluster round
The altar and the hearth,
Have gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is earth!

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE SAND-HILLERS.

We find in the Winyau Intelligencer, published at Georgetown, South Carolina, the following notice:—

"The poor laborers on Black river, and in that neighborhood, are in a state of starvation, many of them being without corn or meal, and none of them having meat. The occasion calls for the aid of the charitable, and efforts will be made to obtain relief for them."

Who are these "poor laborers?"

There is a class of poor whites in the Carolinas, and most of the Southern States, peculiar in character, and unknown generally to the country. They are called *sand-hillers*. They are so called because they cluster together in the poorest regions, and there live by hunting, fishing, raising a little stock, making tar and charcoal, and attending to poultry. They are very ignorant. Not one out of fifty can read or write, and, what is worse, they change not as time winnows down the old and supplies their places with the young. As is the sire, so is the son.

And these sand-hillers are as peculiar in dress and look as they are in character. You know them whenever you see them. They are *marked* in any crowd. Dressed always in the plainest homespun, home-made and widely cut, often without shoes, but when using them wearing the coarsest kind, with slouched hats of cheapest texture, having no blood in their cheeks, their eyes black and their hair rank, they are as distinct a race as the Indian. In some respects they are not unlike them. They love to roam the woods, and be free there; to get together for frolic or fun; to fish and hunt; to chase wild cattle;—but here the similarity ends: for they are wanting in personal daring, and in that energy of character which makes a man. We do not know one of them who ever gained station in society, or became distinguished by his deeds. And it is this class to whom the Georgetown Intelligencer alludes, we conclude, when it speaks of the "poor laborers" on Black river and neighborhood.

How came they in their present condition?

Their history is quickly told. It is a sad one, and we never think of it without sorrow.

In the early settlement of the Carolinas, everybody pressed upon the water-courses. Poor as well as rich, made lodgment upon or near their banks. There were at first, very few negroes; consequently, the latter needed the labor of the former, to house their crops and clear their lands. All got along well, then. But the slave-traffic, with its accursed ills, began soon after, and, by and by, planters had their places stocked with slaves. As these slaves increased, the poor began to feel their degradation. A bitter hatred grew up between these classes. It led often to violence. The larger planters, in consequence, began to buy up the poor men's land, and the poor men, in turn, became anxious to sell. And they did so. But where were they to go? South of Carolina was a wilderness; the good lands on the water-courses, in the State, were in possession of rich planters. They had no alternative left, as they thought, but to herd together on the sand-hills, and there they and theirs still live.

Their choice of place is significant enough of their feeling, and of the *cause* of their removal. They made their location in neighborhoods where neither large nor small planters could molest them. They got where they could live without being disturbed or worried by the continued sight of slaves. Now and then, you will find a few of the more debased sort gathered close by the towns; but generally they are some ten, or fifteen, or twenty miles back. What the land would yield which they call their own—for often they "squat," as the phrase is, on the state's or others' property—it is difficult to say. But the best of it, on the average, would not return ten bushels of corn to the acre; the most of it not five. They grow sweet potatoes, melons, a little cotton for home use, and now and then a bag, or half a bag for market. But things are where they are, and as they are, because slavery, with its biting social ills, beat them away from the richer soil, and keeps them hopelessly down and debased on the barren hills.

What are their peculiarities of mind?

The fact that they left the neighborhood of large plantations, and sought a kind of wild-wood liberty, shows that they have some notions of personal freedom. They have. But they are very crude. It was their condition which induced us to think first on the subject of slavery, and we endeavored, in conjunction with the lamented Grimke, to hit upon some plan by which we could improve this. We sought them out in their hovel-homes. We endeavored to win their regard, and secure their confidence. We succeeded in this, but we failed, wholly, in every effort to induce them to change their mode of life. The ruling idea uppermost in their minds seemed to be *hatred of labor*, under the conviction that it degraded them, because it put them on an equality with the slaves. An anecdote will illustrate this feeling.

One of their number had a fine, intelligent boy. He was one that would have attracted notice in any boyhood gathering. We proposed to the father that he should be educated. "Let him go with us to the town," said we, "and we will send him to school, and see what can be done with him." "And what then!" asked he, eyeing us, as if suspicious that something wrong was to follow. "Why," we continued, "when he has been educated, we can send him to the carriage-maker, Mr. C., and let him learn a trade." "Never!" he quickly, almost fiercely, rejoined, with a harsh oath. "My son shall never work by the side of your negroes, and Mr. ——'s negroes, (calling certain planters's names whose slaves were being taught the trade,) and be ordered about by Mr. C. as he orders them about." He was fixed. No argument, entreaty, appeal to interest, could move him. The idea uppermost in his mind was the idea of his class—that labor was degrading; and he would rather his son should be free in the forest, if ignorant, than debased in the city, though educated, by a menial task.

What hope is there for them?

We see none. Nothing, certainly, but the removal of slavery can induce them to change their present condition. They will not labor in the field while they think it degrading; nor become artisans or mechanics while slaves are such. As for educating them, scattered as they are, the effort seems almost hopeless! Up and down the river where these "poor laborers," that the South Carolina paper talks of, live, and all around Georgetown, there are large rice and cotton estates. Many of the owners of them are very wealthy; a majority rich. Yet there is no sort of connection, or sympathy, between these planters and the sand-hillers. They are as far apart as two races well can be. We speak now of social separation: for we are sure the moment they heard the "poor laborers" were starving, these planters did what was necessary, and more, to relieve their wants. But, we fear, coming time will find them as they are now—alone, ignorant, degraded, the victims of a blighting curse!

The condition of these sand-hillers illustrates the effect of slavery in its extreme, or when pushed to its farthest limit. Take one town, near the centre of South Carolina, and make a line for ten miles south of it along the river on one side, looking three miles back, and we question whether you will find over ten planters! They have each from one hundred to two, three, four or five hundred slaves! Many of these slaves, too, are mechanics! Necessarily, therefore, the towns wane, the poorer classes emigrate, as well as the young and enterprising; and the ignorant or sand-hill class escape to the barrens for freedom! according to their notion of it.

So much for the "poor laborers" of Black river and its neighborhood! for the unfortunate sand-hillers of the Carolinas! [Louisville Examiner.

LETTER FROM BARRY TO MRS. DUNLOP.

One beautiful letter to this lady we are tempted to copy; it is poetical in the highest degree, and touches with exquisite taste on the mysterious union between external nature and the sympathies and emotions of the human frame:—

"ELLISLAND, *New-Year's-Day Morning* 1789.

This, dear madam, is a morning of wishes, and would to God that I came under the apostle James's description!—*the prayer of a righteous man availeth much.* In that case, madam, you should welcome in a year full of blessings: everything that obstructs or disturbs tranquility and self enjoyment should be removed, and every pleasure that frail humanity can taste should be yours. I own myself so little a Presbyterian, that I approve of set times and seasons of more than ordinary acts of devotion, for breaking in on that habituated routine of life and thought which is so apt to reduce our existence to a kind of instinct, or even sometimes, and with some minds, to a state very little better than mere machinery.

This day, the first Sunday of May, a breezy, blue-skied noon some time about the beginning, and a hoary morning and calm sunny day about the end of autumn; these, time out of mind, have been with me a kind of holiday.

I believe I owe this to that glorious paper in the Spectator—the Vision of Mirza—a piece that struck my young fancy before I was capable of fixing an idea to a word of three syllables: "On the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hill of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer."

We know nothing, or next to nothing, of the substance or structure of our souls, so cannot account for those seeming caprices in them, that one should be particularly pleased with this thing, or struck with that, which, on minds of a different cast, makes no extraordinary impression. I have some favorite flowers in spring, among which are the mountain-daisy, the harebell, the foxglove, the wild-brier rose, the budding birch, and the hoary hawthorn, that I view and hang over with particular delight. I never hear the loud, solitary whistle of the curlew in a summer noon, or the wild mixing cadence of a troop of gray plovers in an autumnal morning, without feeling an elevation of soul like the enthusiasm of devotion or poetry. Tell me, my dear friend, to what can this be owing? Are we a piece of machinery, which, like the Æolian harp, passive, takes the impression of the passing accident? Or do these workings argue something within us above the trodden clod? I own myself partial to such proofs of those awful and important realities—a God that made all things—man's immaterial and immortal nature, and a world of weal or wo beyond death and the grave."

A SCOTCHMAN'S ADVICE TO HIS DAUGHTER.

Now, daughter, ye hae just four things to learn in Edinburgh:—ye hae to learn to manage your head, your hands, your feet, and your heart. Your head will require a little redding up, baith outside and inside. It's no the bobs and curls, the ribbons and rossknots, the gildet kames, and the toppings o' weel-sleekitup-hair, that are to stand the test for life; and yet these are a' becoming in their places. But there is something else required. Ye maun learn to think for yoursel, and act for yoursel, for you canna always have your mother and me to think and act for you. You maun learn to calculate and weigh, not only your own actions, but your motives and actions, as well as the actions and apparent motives of those with whom you have to deal; and stick aye by that, my child, of which you are sure never to be ashamed, either in this world, or in that which is to come.

If ever ye be spared to be a wife, there will be mair depend on your head than your hands; but yet you are nae the waur o'being able to cook your family a neat dinner, and make yoursel a new gown at onratime, or a frock to a bit wee ane.

But now for the heart, daughter; that is what requires the maist care, and the maist watching, ower of all, and there's naught else that I am sae unqualified to gie advice in. Keep it aye free o' malice, rancor and deceit; and as to the forming of any improper connexions, or youthful partialities, it is sae dangerous at your time of life, that no advice nor guardianship can countervail. I maun therefore to leave it entirely to your own discretion and good sense.

I might have mentioned the management of the tongue as another and separate point of attention; but it is a mere machine, and acts only in subordination to the head and the heart, and if these are kept in proper order, the other winha tin for wrang. But dinna be ewer the mat ter punctual upon catching the snappy English pronunciations. It looks rather affected in a country girl to be always snapping at the English, and at the same time popping in an auld Scotch phrase that she larned in the nursery, for it is impossible to get quit o' them. But mind aye this, my child, that good sense is well-favored and becoming, in whatever dialect it be spoken; and one's mother tongue suits always the lips, either a bonny lass or an auld carl the best.—[Eutrick Shepherd.

A WOMAN OF GOOD TASTE.

The following very happy and equally truthful sketch is from the London Quarterly:—"You see this lady turning a cold eye to the assurances of shopmen, and the recommendations of milleners. She cares not how original a pattern may be, if it be ugly, or how recent a shape, if it be awkward. Whatever laws fashion dictates, she follows laws of her own, and is never behind it. She wears very beautiful things, which people generally supposed to be brought from Paris—or at least made by a French milliner, but which as often are bought at the nearest town, and made up by her own maid. Not that her costume is either rich or new—on the contrary, she wears many a cheap dress, but it is always good. She deals in no gaudy confusion of colors—nor does she effect a studied sobriety; but she either refreshes you with a spirited contrast, or composes you with a judicious harmony. Not a scrap of tinsel or trumpery appears upon her. She puts no faith in velvet band, or gilt buttons, or twisted cordings. She is quite aware, however, that the garnish is as important as the dress; all her inner borders and beadings are delicate and fresh, and should anything peep out which is not intended to be seen, it is quite as much so as that which is. After all, there is no great ar teither in her fashions or her materials. The secret simply consists in her knowing the three grand unities of dress—her own station, her own age, and her own point! And no woman can dress well who does not. After this, we need not say, that whoever is attracted by the costume will not be disappointed in the wearer. She may not be handsome, nor accomplished—but we will answer for her being even temperate, well informed, thoroughly sensible, and a complete lady."

LE VERRIER.

A correspondent of the Morning Chronicle, writing from Cambridge, describes the outward man of an eminent foreigner. "Presently arrived another gentleman whose advent occasioned some interest. On the arm of some powerful looking old Bishop of Norwich appeared a fresh-colored young man, dressed somewhat *a la Francaise*—to wit, narrow coat collar, full skirts, and trowsers slightly plaited at the waist. You would not take this jolly-looking young gentleman for a profound mathematician and astronomer; on the contrary, he appears just one of the lions you would expect to find playing a match at billiards in a gilded *case* on the Boulevards, or with deference be it spoken, clasping the waist of '*la Reine Pomare*,' at the Chatean Rouge. Irreverent suppositions! Honor to science; there goes M. Le Verrier, the discoverer of the new planet—the owner, if priority of claim gives ownership, to all the lands, titles, and domains of Neptune."

DRESS AND MERIT.

Gerard, the famous French painter, when very young, was the bearer of a letter of introduction to Lanjuinais, then of the Council of Napoleon. The young painter was shabbily attired, and his reception was extremely cold; but Lanjuinais discovered in him such striking proofs of talent, good sense, and amiability, that on Gerard's rising to take leave, he rose too, and accompanied his visitor to the ante-chamber. The change was so striking, that Gerard could not avoid an expression of surprise. "My young friend," said Lanjuinais, anticipating the inquiry, "we receive an unknown person according to his merit."

BLUE TEA.

Why should we not have blue, or red, or yellow tea, as well as black or green? An assortment of colored teas would be rather an elegant improvement on the teatable, especially if there were an array of variegated tea-pots, to correspond. "Do you take pink or purple tea, ma'am?" "Purple, if you please." "I always drink yellow." Indeed—I'm told it is bad for digestion, and that the most wholesome tea is the sky blue—which matches, too, with our best London milk."—Are our readers aware that there is no reason why rainbow teas should not be manufactured. A select parliamentary committee is now sitting to inquire into our commercial relations with China, and Sir George Larpent, the chairman of the East India Association, stated in his evidence, that "the whole of the supply of tea for the European market was a manufactured article. There was not a pound of tea which came to this country from China which did not undergo a coloring process. Tea which we called green here was colored green, and might as well be colored yellow or blue (laughter.) The tea underwent the manufacture with the view to adapt it to the market in this country, and the process might perhaps to some extent, alter the essential quality of the tea."—[John Bull.

SEA BATHING.

Sea-bathing, on account of its stimulative and penetrating power, may be placed at the head of those means that regard the care of the skin, and which certainly supplies one of the first wants of the present generation, by opening the pores, and thereby reinvigorating the whole nervous system. This bathing is attended with two important advantages. The first is, that besides its great healing power in cases of disease, it may be employed by those who are perfectly well, as the means most agreeable to nature for strengthening and preserving health. In this respect it may be compared to bodily exercise, which can remove diseases otherwise incurable, and which may be used also by those who are sound in order to preserve themselves in that state. The other advantage is, the noble, grand, and indescribable prospect of the sea connected with it, and which, on those not acquainted with it, has an effect capable of bracing up the nervous system, and producing a beneficial exaltation of the whole frame. I am fully convinced that the physical efforts of seabathing must be greatly increased by this impression on the mind, and that a hypochondriac or nervous person may be half-cured by residing on the sea-coast and enjoying a view of the grand scenes of nature which will there present themselves. [Hufeland.

JEWISH SKILL IN DARNING RENTS.

Speaking of the admirable dexterity of the Jews of the Ghetto, here, in repairing, in a manner absolutely invisible, the most incurable rents in clothes, to which industry the jealous tyranny of custom confines them, as they are not permitted to exercise any trade or handicraft of any kind in Rome, she mentioned that they were famous for the same proficiency in darning in the East. She said that a man at Constantinople, having left in charge of a friend of his a purse without seam or joint in which he had placed a certain number of diamonds, complained, on his return from distant travel, that his number of jewels was not correct. The friend maintained the integrity of his trust, and adduced as proof the entire woof of the purse, in which neither seam nor joint appeared, and the seal of the owner still remained untouched at the mouth of the purse. The owner of the jewels was forced to admit both these facts, but still persisted in asserting that the amount of diamonds was no longer what he had left. The case was brought before more than one magistrate; but nothing could be elicited upon the subject; and the unaltered condition of the purse, which the owner could not deny, was considered exclusive evidence against his claim. In despair, he applied to the Sultan himself, and the strange persistency of his demand impressed the latter so much that—though compelled, upon the face of the facts, to dismiss his claim as untenable—the subject remained impressed singularly on his mind, and induced him to try the following experiment. At morning prayer, the next day, when the slave who usually brought the carpet upon which he knelt had withdrawn, he made a long slit in it, and left it to be again withdrawn by the slave. When the latter came to fulfil his duty of rolling up and removing the precious carpet, he remained aghast at the injury it had received, and immediately apprehending the dreadful effects of the Sultan's displeasure, hastened with the rug to the quarter of the city where the Jews resided, and seeking out one peculiarly renowned for his skill, committed the costly carpet to his best exercise of it, and carried it back so restored, that the next morning it lay spread ready for the Sultan's use, without the trace of either damage or reparation. The Sultan no sooner perceived what had been done than he called the slave, who tremblingly confessed what he had done. He was immediately despatched in search of the pre-eminent cobler, and the Jew no sooner appeared before the Sultan than the latter, sending for the sealed purse about which the controversy had been held, charged him with having in like manner repaired a slit in the woof of the apparently uninjured bag. The Jew instantly admitted the fact: and thus the reclamation of the poor defrauded friend and diamond owner was substantiated. [Mrs. Butler's Year of Consolation.

THE WAY TO EMINENCE.—SIR WM. JONES.

That distinguished jurist Sir William Jones, after having made himself familiar with some twenty different languages, and with the general circle of literature and science, made the following memorandum on the closing leaf of his Bible, in which he was, from childhood, deeply interested:

"I have carefully and regularly perused these Holy Scriptures, and am of opinion that the volume independently of its divine origin, contains more sublimity, purer morality, more important history, and finer strains of eloquence, than can be collected from all other books, in whatever language they may have been written."

The subjoined extract from a little volume entitled "Life in Earnest" tells something of the early career of this eminent man, who was *good* from a proper study of the book of books," and *great* from his own industry and application:

Long ago, a little boy was entered at Harrow School. He was put into a class beyond his years, and where all the scholars had the advantage of previous instruction denied to him. His master chid him for his dullness, and all his own efforts could not raise him from the lowest place on the form. But nothing daunted, he procured the grammars and other elementary books, which his class-fellows had gone through in previous terms. He devoted the hours of play, and not a few of the hours of sleep, to the mastering of these, till in a few weeks he gradually began to rise, and it was not long till he shot far ahead of his companions, and became not only the leader of that division, but the pride of Harrow. You may see the statue of that boy whose career began with this fit of energetic application, in St. Paul's Cathedral; for he lived to be the greatest oriental scholar of modern Europe,—it was Sir William Jones.

PROPAGATION OF THOUGHT.

Who shall say at what point in the stream of time the personal character of any individual now on the earth shall cease to influence? A sentiment, a habit of feeling, once communicated to another mind, is gone; it is beyond recall: it bore the stamp of virtue; it is blessing man and owned by Heaven: its character was evil; vain the remorse that would revoke it, vain the gnawing anxiety that would compute its mischief; its immediate, and to us visible, effect may soon be spent; its remote one, who shall calculate? The oak which waves in our forest to-day, owes its form, its species, and its tint to the acorn which dropped from its remote ancestor, under whose shade Druids worshipped. "Human life extends beyond the threescore years and ten which bound its visible existence here." The spirit is removed into another region, the body is crumbling into dust, the very name is forgotten upon earth; but living and working still is the influence generated by the moral features of him who has so long since passed away. The characters of the dead are inwrought into those of the living; the generation below the sod formed that which now dwells and acts upon the earth, the existing generation is moulding that which will succeed it, and distant posterity shall inherit the characteristics which we infuse into our children to-day. [The Parent's High Commission.

AN AMUSING INCIDENT.

At the late meeting of the General Association of Massachusetts, a member of the body offered a paper, containing a preamble and resolution to terminate all correspondence with the Old and New School Assemblies, in consequence of their position relative to slavery. Rev. Mr. Holmes rose and said—"I am strongly reminded, Mr. Moderator, by this paper, of the case of a minister of a certain cast in the West, who gloried in the fact that he was innocent of education, having, unlike the author of this paper, had few advantages. On one occasion this preacher entered the pulpit, and spoke to this effect: "Brethren I never rubbed my back against a college; I have no human larning, thank God. I need not prepare my sarmints; I like to have a text given to me as I go into the pulpit, or when that aint done, I like to get them from the Lord; and so I open the Bible just where it happens, and the first text I meet, I preach upon. So shall I do now; and suiting the action to the word, he opened the Bible, saying—'Brethren, the text I find in this Psalm 139: 14, I am fearfully and wonderfully *mad*;' and I shall, in the first place, show that good men sometimes *may be mad*; and, secondly, that they may be *fearfully* and *wonderfully mad*." Mr. Holmes sat down amid an unusual burst of laughter: and none, save the author of the paper, were found to vote for it. [Prest. of the West.

APPAREL.

A man ought, in his clothes, to conform something to those that he converses with, to the custom of the nation, and the fashion that is decent and general, to the occasion, and his own condition; for that is best that best suits with one's calling, and the rank we live in. And seeing that all men are not Œdipuses, to read the riddle of another man's inside, and most men judge by appearances, it behoves a man to barter for a good esteem, even from his clothes and outside. We guess the goodness of the pasture by the mantle we see it wears. [Feltham.

EXAGGERATIONS.

Never to speak by superlatives is a sign of a wise man; for that way of speaking wounds either truth or prudence. Exaggerations are so many prostitutions of reputation, because they discover the weakness of understanding, and the bad discerning of him that speaks. Excessive praises excite both curiosity and envy; so that, if merit answer not the value that is set upon it, as it generally happens, general opinion revolts against the imposture, and makes the flatterer and the flattered both ridiculous. [Anon.

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